DANNY KAYE drawn by VICKY

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Moscow Plays Another Ace

IF Washington and London were nonplussed by the Russian invitation to Dr. Adenauer, they have only themselves to blame. Time and time again it has been stressed—not least in the columns of this journal—that the one certain result of their efforts to tie the Federal Republic into the Atlantic defence system would be to enable the Germans to return to the policy of balancing between East and West. By conceding full sovereignty to the Federal Republic and encouraging the politicians in Bonn to rebuild the German army, Sir Anthony and Mr. Dulles have compelled Moscow to start a new game of diplomatic poker. So far they have played three of the aces they have held up their sleeve. First came the invitation to Herr Raab to visit Moscow and his return to Vienna loaded with the benefits of neutrality. Next followed the Russian visit to Belgrade, and the announcement that even a Communist heretic is forgiven as long as he refuses to join Nato. Now Dr. Adenauer is offered diplomatic recognition and tempting vistas of trade with the East. If this is not enough, the Soviet Union has more aces in reserve—free elections, for instance, and the revision of the Oder-Neisse line.

Dr. Adenauer was faced at once with a delicate choice. He could only refuse the Russian invitation at grave risk of breaking his shaky coalition, and strengthening the Socialist indictment of his policy. But in accepting he may well be offered concessions which make it impossible to maintain his Western orientation. It would, however, be an oversimplification to jump to the conclusion that the Russians will at once try to achieve the neutralisation of a united Germany at the forthcoming Four-Power talks. In one point, at least, Soviet policy resembles that of the United States. If America will never permit Germany to "go Bolshevik," the Russians are equally unlikely to sign any German peace treaty until they are quite sure that a united Germany would not, despite any formal limitations on its sovereignty, conspire against them. Their immediate purpose is to frustrate the integration of Western Germany directly—and of Yugoslavia indirectly through the Balkan Pact—into the American alliance, first by removing the threat which brought Nato into existence, and then by demonstrating the positive advantages of independence.

The most significant feature of the Note they have sent to Dr. Adenauer is its bland repudiation of the abuse they have heaped for years on the "militarists and separatists of Bonn." The past offences of the Federal Government are washed away in a deluge of courtesies just as overwhelming as that which Krushchev showered on Tito. Only at the end of the Note is there one single sentence of consolation for the abashed German Communists in control of the Eastern Zone. This would seem to confirm our prediction that the immediate aim of Soviet policy is to find a *modus vivendi* based on the continued partition of Germany. Once that is gained, they can hope to use their initiative in order gradually to bring the two German governments together and to detach the Federal Republic from the West.

The lesson for the West is clear enough. Britain and America cannot afford to wait and let the Russians win round after round at their leisure. If we want to keep Germany friendly to the West—and simultaneously to prevent a recurrence of the German menace—then it is we that should at once propose the terms of a final settlement compatible both with German interests and with the military security of East and West. For long the only such settlement possible has been visible—a united Germany allied neither to the East nor the West, but a member of a United Nations security system. If such a solution is now dismissed as too "neutralist," we shall sooner or later discover that all the other possibilities are fraught with far greater danger.

The News in Review

International

In making their sensational visit to Belgrade, the Soviet leaders seem to have had three objectives. First, to reduce the Balkan Alliance to little more than a paper relic of the Cold War. Secondly, to satisfy themselves that any "neutral bloc" in Europe would be anchored, at its southern end, on a genuinely neutral Yugoslavia. And, thirdly, to re-establish close contact with the only Communist regime which remains obstinately outside their camp. The remarkable communiqué issued at the end of the talks makes no reference to the first two issues, but the third is covered by the fascinating reference, not merely to the exchange of official information missions, but more specifically to "the exchange of Socialist experiences, and a free exhange of opinions." If this clause means what it says, it is the most important doctrinal concession made by Soviet Communists since the rise of Stalin. For it clearly admits that there may be other forms of Socialism than the Soviet model, and, in fact, accepts the most fundamental thesis of the Tito regime. It could, indeed, foreshadow a great change in the attitude of the Communists towards democratic Socialist movements in the West.

Marshal Tito, no doubt, took great care to ensure that these talks were between government and not party representatives. But it is doubtful, in the light of this paragraph, whether the Yugoslavs were really so surprised or affronted by Mr. Krushchev's speech on arrival as the Western correspondents suggested. Visits of this kind do not take place without careful preparation, in which the protagonists are fully advised of the line each proposes to take. Even if Belgrade was not given an advance text of Mr. Krushchev's remarks, it was certainly told—even if Marshal Tito did not himself ask—that the Soviet leader would make some gesture of amends, and that due recognition would be given to Yugoslavia's own "Socialist path." It is difficult to see how the visit could have taken place at all, without some such assurance from Moscow.

The mission was clearly prepared with great care. The opening section of the communiqué, which sets out in great detail the conditions of co-existence, could be taken as the fullest manifesto of the new Soviet foreign policy we have yet been given. If this declaration of intent, which significantly lays great stress on co-operative effort through the United Nations, is really translated into practice, Mr. Krushchev will have initiated—and where more appropriately than Belgrade?—the most substantial shift in Soviet policy since the Russo-German pact of 1939.

Talks began in London this week between the Russian Ambassador, Mr. Jacob Malik, and the special Japanese envoy, Mr. Shunichi Matsumoto. "Malik is an amiable, broad-minded man," Matsumoto declared on leaving Tokyo. "He is not the type of Russian who always says 'No'." This optimistic note was inspired by the Austrian Peace Treaty, and the Japanese believe that now is the time to make an all-out bid for concessions. Like the Germans, they argue that the Russians are in the mood to pay a high price for "neutralism"—which means, as a minimum, drawing away from the American camp.

At the time of the Japanese elections this Spring, Hatoyama seemed to suggest that Japan should be prepared to make an unconditional agreement ending the state of war with the Soviet Union and restoring diplomatic relations, in the hope that this would encourage the Russians to make liberal concessions. The points which Mr. Matsumoto will raise in London include a demand that the Russians shall immediately repatriate Japanese "war criminals" and civilians at present in Russia (they estimate that there are about 1,000 in each category); a promise not to seize Japanese fishing vessels operating in northern waters; support for Japan's membership of the United Nations, and the return of Shikotan and Habomai islands (held by the Russians to be part of the Kuriles) and South Sakhalin.

Hatoyama hoped to get the agreement of all parties for the policy which his envoy will put forward in London. But while all Japanese might agree on the concessions Matsumoto will propose, they do not agree on the demands that the Russians will almost certainly put forward. The Liberals, for instance, would prefer the *status quo* to an agreement which, in their view, would only increase Russian opportunities for propaganda in a still susceptible Japan. From the beginning they have suggested that Matsumoto take the longest possible spoon to the London talks. The return of prisoners and admission to the United Nations they describe as "rights" guaranteed by the Potsdam Agreement, not favours to be bargained for in London. As for Hatoyama's suggestion that the Kuriles might be returned on condition that they were not used for American bases—the Liberals reject it as an unacceptable limitation of Japanese sovereignty. The Socialist Parties (both Right and Left) are pressing the Government to restore relations with the Soviet Union and come to terms with the Chinese Peoples' Republic, knowing perfectly well that this will mean incurring the displeasure of Washington.

So Mr. Matsumoto has to walk on a very tight rope in his talks with Ambassador Malik. He has to listen to the "foreign masters'" voices of the Pentagon, the State Department and Wall Street; and for the survival of the Hatoyama Government he must make some concessions to the demands, not only of the Socialists but of an increasing number of Japanese who object to American occupation. Mr. Malik is in a much stronger position. He not only represents one of the victorious Powers, but speaks with one voice. He has not so far indicated what that voice will say, but if we can judge from Soviet policy elsewhere, he is likely to go a long way in meeting Japanese demands—if this has the result of bringing Japan nearer to a policy of neutralism.

Fresh evidence of Soviet desire to "show willing" is to be seen in the reduction of the punitive tolls on vehicles using the roads between Berlin and the Federal Republic. It is true that the revised rates will still be twice, in the case of cars, and six times in the case of lorries, those ruling before April 1. Nevertheless, a concession has been made; and since the East German Government did not secure the prestige of negotiations on this issue with Bonn, which it wanted, the reduction comes as a voluntary act of grace.

At the I.L.O. conference in Geneva, an attempt by the employers' delegations to drive out the representatives of Communist countries has been parried by the Communists' refusal to take umbrage. Led by the U.S. employers' delegates, who are prepared to obstruct all constructive work by the I.L.O. while the Communist States remain members, the employers objected to the seating of "employers" representatives from East Europe. A compromise, permitting them to sit on technical committees without a vote was, surprisingly, accepted by the Communists. The U.S. representatives then decided to boycott the committees. The Western trade unions have bitterly resented this manoeuvre. It is, they argue, designed less to exclude the Communists than to sabotage the work of the I.L.O. If the Communists will not be snubbed into a walk-out, then the employers themselves threaten to abandon the I.L.O. This tactic recalls the most stupid blunders of the Cold War.

At Home

Troubles in the ports have once again this week been superimposed on the hold-up of transport caused by the railway strike. The latest move by the Stevedores offers hope that peace on this sector of the dock front may soon be reached. The N.A.S.D.'s offer to cease recruiting new members from the ranks of the T. and G.W. and not to collect subscriptions, pending a T.U.C. inquiry, from the 10,000 already enrolled, would appear to offer a fair basis for a settlement—always provided the T. and G.W. shows a like measure of reasonableness in agreeing to the N.A.S.D.'s claim for recognition by the employers in wage negotiation.

The unofficial strike by the crews (predominantly the stewards) of North Atlantic liners is clearly a revolt by hot-heads against a union which has done well for its members by negotiations through the National Maritime Board, but which the "militants" are apt to regard as being too closely the associate of the ship-owner. Grievances by stewards about long—it might be held, necessarily long—hours of work and sometimes uncomfortable accommodation on board ship are of old standing. A significant feature of the present strike is that it started on the North Atlantic run, where the crews are most likely to be influenced by the superior conditions on American-owned ships, and that the first vessels to be "struck" were ships carrying a high proportion of passengers in the tourist and emigrant classes, who would naturally not be good tippers.

The final report of the Royal Commission on the taxation of profits and income is an unexciting document. By a majority of ten to three, the one radical change which was considered—a tax on capital gains—is turned down on the ground that its long-term yield would probably not exceed £50m., and that since there would have to be a rebate for losses, the yield in any one year would be subject to a fluctuation of as much as £250m. each way. There is force in this point; but, having regard to the steady (and, to some extent, inflationary) upward trend of capital values, both of securities and fixed assets, the next Labour Chancellor will probably give more careful consideration than Mr. Butler will to the minority findings on this point.

For the rest, the Report proposes stricter measures against tax dodging by "hobby farmers", whose agricultural losses are now set painlessly against surtax; and it suggests that the Inland Revenue should have wider powers to call for bank pass-books from taxpayers, while all

Schedule D taxpayers should be required to keep proper records of their earnings. As for industry, the Report recommends that there should be no discrimination, for tax purposes, between the distributed and undistributed profits of companies—a change which would appear, on the face of it, to weaken undesirably the incentive to "plough back" profits earned.

Overseas

IN yet another of the striking opinions which have marked the summer session of the U.S. Supreme Court, Chief Justice Warren ruled that Dr. John Peters, a professor of medicine at Yale, had been wrongfully dismissed in 1953 from his post as a government consultant. A loyalty review board had declared Dr. Peters a security risk, after two previous clearances. The ground for the decision was that the Board had disregarded the safeguards laid down in the President's Executive Order. The Court did not reach the further point that loyalty hearings were unlawful unless the employee was faced with and permitted to cross-examine his accusers.

On Monday, too, the State Department agreed to issue a passport to Dr. Otto Nathan without further delay, thus complying with Judge Schweinhaut's ruling, and making a further retreat from its policy of arbitrarily refusing passports. The American Civil Liberties Union, which has published an unsatisfactory correspondence with the State Department on passport policy, is to file test cases to challenge this policy.

ON Monday, a last-minute concession by the Ford Motor Company averted the Auto Workers' strike for "guaranteed pay." The scheme, designed to cushion 140,000 Ford employees against seasonal unemployment, will provide them with up to 65 per cent. of normal pay for a maximum of 26 weeks. It is a further extension of the U.A.W. principle of bargaining for "security" benefits, rather than direct wage advances; and General Motors, with 325,000 employees, is next to face the strike threat. This is the first time that a large firm has accepted responsibility for maintaining, not merely a stable labour force in an industry in which seasonal lay-offs reduce average yearly wages, but also the purchasing power of its employees during unemployment.

IT begins to look as if Mr. Strijdom intends not merely to "pack" the South African Senate, but ultimately to whittle away all its powers. In the debates on the Senate Bill, the United Party had protested that the new, enlarged Senate would have a fixed tenure of five years as a result of the proposed methods of election, and that this might frustrate the policies of a Government returned to office by a general election. The Nationalists' counter-move has been to introduce an amendment to the Bill providing that the Senate should have no powers to veto legislation involving money. They can quote a British precedent for this; but leading Nationalists are now publicly advocating a one-Chamber Parliament.

THE results (not completely to hand as we write) of the Sicilian elections seem to indicate that the decision of the Nenni Socialists to run their own list, instead of making a common list with the C.P., has had little net effect on the position of the Left: its combined strength is broadly unchanged. The Christian Democrats may count themselves lucky to have gained seats in face of the failure of land reform in Sicily; but their gains have been at the expense partly of the neo-Fascist M.S.I., and partly of the small parties of the Right and Right-Centre.

AFTER a year of Governor's rule, Parliamentary Government has been restored in East Pakistan. The United Front Party, which swept the Muslim League almost out of existence, has formed a new Cabinet, headed by a nominee of Fazlul Huq. Mr. Huq himself, who was Premier in the earlier United Front Ministry, is likely to continue his pressure on the Central Government. The next step, which will show whether or not Pakistan has at last succeeded in finding a stable Government, is the first meeting of the Constituent Assembly, now anticipated within the next few weeks.

Bonn

The Moscow Invitation

A Correspondent in Bonn cables: Moscow's invitation to Adenauer has had a real bombshell effect in both parts of Germany. Although everybody had been speculating that something like this might happen sometime, nobody expected it quite in this manner, or quite so soon. In both parts of Germany, the official reaction is not the real one. In West Germany, the official reaction is humming and hawing; the real one, wild excitement. In East Germany, the official reaction is loyal applause; the real one, deep uneasiness.

On the surface, Moscow seems to offer nothing more than a normalisation of the *status quo*: Adenauer's visit is to produce the same "good and normal relations" with Western Germany which the Soviet Union already has with East Germany. But the overtones of the invitation are very different. By implication, Moscow seems to address the Federal Republic, even now, as if it were the whole of Germany. There are all the arguments which used to accompany past Russian-German *ententes*. Especially the argument that whenever in the past "our peoples" were in agreement they fared well, while when they went to war with each other, they suffered far more than "all other countries which were drawn together by war." Underneath the harmless offer of normalisation of Soviet diplomatic and commercial relations with both German States, there seems to lie, only lightly veiled, the offer of reunification on West German terms, at the price of a new Rapallo.

It is this which accounts for the real, as apart from the official, reaction in the two Germanys. The East Germans cannot but feel that they may be sacrificed to a new understanding, on a basis of strict national interests, between the Soviet Union and a capitalist re-united Germany. The West Germans see reunification on their own terms almost within their grasp—at the cost of the Western Alliance and, if they are not very careful, of Western goodwill. Many of them would probably be ready to pay that price, and the Soviet Union knows it. The complicating factor is Dr. Adenauer.

The first semi-official reaction from his entourage stresses three points: nothing will be done in a hurry; nothing will be done without consulting the Western Alliance beforehand; and Dr. Adenauer has always been in favour of diplomatic relations with Moscow. This is temporising. The thing to note is that not even Dr. Adenauer is for a moment suggesting that the Soviet invitation should be declined. This would be the one thing impossible to do for anybody in Western Germany.

Paris

Miscarriage at Messina

Our Paris Correspondent writes: In an age of "Neutral Zones," there is less and less place for "Little Europe." Last week's Messina Conference, which united the six Foreign Ministers of the Schuman Plan countries, was planned to celebrate its re-birth; in fact, it ended in a disastrous miscarriage. To begin with, the midwives arrived in a quarrelsome mood. M. Pinay had antagonised Professor Hallstein by withdrawing, at the last moment, his support for M. Monnet's reappointment as chairman of the coal-steel pool, and allowing M. René Mayer to win the day. He had also annoyed M. Spaak by failing to secure the nomination of M. Hervé Alphand as M. François-Poncet's successor at Bonn (M. Alphand, on M. Faure's insistence, was unceremoniously bundled off to New York as France's U.N. representative). All were furious with M. Martino for obliging them to travel all the way to Sicily (because of his election engagements) and for their accommodation arrangements, which obliged them to make two 50-mile car journeys every day. Apart from these preliminary difficulties, the Conference took place in the conspiratorial atmosphere which seems inseparable from meetings of "European" leaders: abrupt, unexplained recesses, mysterious long-distance telephone calls and deliberately ambiguous communiqués. At one point, the Ministers even cleared their private secretaries out of the room in order to conduct their discussions in greater freedom, though this did not, of course, prevent the usual inspired "leaks."

What emerged from all this? Remarkably little. The purpose of the Conference was the much-discussed *rélance européen*, designed to compensate for the "temporary check" of E.D.C. The agenda was a Benelux note proposing the extension of the common market to cover energy (gas, electricity, atomic power) and communications (canals, autoroutes, electrical and air transport), and its authors apparently hoped that some sort of preliminary protocol would be signed at the Conference. An Italian note, delivered during the Conference, gave this some support; but it soon became clear that Germany and France were determined to restrain Benelux enthusiasm. M. Pinay's reluctance surprised nobody, since he was known to be tied down by Cabinet instructions; but Professor Hallstein made it clear that he was not interested in any projects which conflicted with his Government's view of what a "liberal national economy" should be, and secondly that Germany would support further steps towards a supra-national community only when, and if, prior and definitive French agreement had been secured.

French observers interpreted this as a sign that the sovereign, rearmed Germany of 1955 has already largely discarded the "European" idealism which its humbler predecessor found it so profitable to adopt, and his words encouraged the belief that the defeat of E.D.C. and the passing of the Paris Agreements will eventually prove fatal to "Little Europe." In these circumstances, the best the Conference could do was to hand over the Benelux proposals to a committee, instruct it to report back in October, express a hope that Britain would take part in its deliberations, disagree as to who was to be its chairman and fill out the rest of the communiqué with a list of pious, but vague, objectives. Meanwhile, in Paris, M. Guy Mollet, another "European," produced an appropriate echo to this Utopian note by calling for the establishment of Esperanto as a World Language.

New York

The Salk Vaccine

Our New York correspondent writes: The Administration's handling of the Salk anti-polio vaccine has, until recently, seemed immune from Democratic attack. One does not play politics with life-and-death matters affecting children, the argument ran. Because the purely technical problems of the efficacy of the vaccine itself and of the standards to be applied to its production had not been finally settled, it was difficult to criticise administrative policy as such without confusing the public mind as to the medical value of the serum. But it has now become clear that, whatever the technical problems—and Dr. Gebhardt of Utah University has now announced the discovery of live virus in samples of the product of one laboratory—the Government's plans for distribution have been woefully inadequate.

Last week, Adlai Stevenson became the first public figure of note openly to criticise the Administration on this score. After paying tribute to Dr. Salk, Mr. Stevenson went on to say that "if anything were predictable in our uncertain world, it was the immense and imperative demand for anything which promised to check the dread scourge of polio." This was an allusion to testimony before a Senate committee by Oveta Culp Hobby, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in the Eisenhower Cabinet. She had said no one could have foreseen the public demand for Salk vaccine before its success was announced. Although this rather bizarre thesis had failed to impress anybody in Washington at the time, the lady from Texas was spared public rebuttal until Stevenson's speech. Her resignation is expected at any minute, but of course she alone is not to blame. Administration dogma has been firmly opposed to Federal control over the production and distribution of the vaccine.

With Stevenson's speech as encouragement, Senate Democrats are now opening another round in the fight with the Adminstration over distribution of the vaccine. Seven Senators, led by Lister Hill of Alabama, have introduced a Bill which would provide stand-by controls for the President. He has said he does not want them. The Administration would prefer to rely on a voluntary programme. The Democratic Bill would provide free vaccine for all children. The Administration proposes to give the vaccine free only to needy children. The Bill sets no limit on the cost of the programme, although it is estimated at upwards of $500 million. Eisenhower has requested only $28 million. The Democrats have the public behind them, and are likely to get their way. It would represent a major political defeat for the Administration.

Meanwhile, the inoculation of all first- and second-year schoolchildren continues. Because of the doubts cast on the programme, some parents have withdrawn permission for their children to get the shots. But some 70 per cent. of all children in this age group will have been inoculated by the end of the school term. This is the most vulnerable group, given top priority by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Most other children have not been treated yet. Medical experts are thus not concerned that poliomyelitis cases are running at a higher rate this year than normally. More publicity is being given to the fact that 116 persons have been afflicted with the disease after having been vaccinated. But the Public Health Service points out that there has not yet been time for anybody to have received the follow-up dose, prescribed for seven to ten months after the initial vaccination; so nobody as yet is fully protected.

Sir Anthony's Radio Blunder

THE Prime Minister's broadcast on the rail strike last Sunday evening was a strikingly inept performance. It shows that, as far as Sir Anthony is concerned, the Government has no plan for settling the strike, beyond sitting tight and waiting for the footplate men to surrender. It appeared, indeed, to be an expression of the Premier's personal—and on this domestic issue—ill-informed view and it is certainly proving an embarrassment to the Ministry of Labour. The broadcast did far less than justice to the substance of the A.S.L.E.F. grievance. Despite the jurisdictional complications of railway trade unionism, the issue in dispute remains one of wages and lies between A.S.L.E.F. and the British Transport Commission. But more serious than the bias and the lack of leadership in Sir Anthony's speech was the implied suggestion which lay behind it that there is something generally discreditable to the worker about the very act of striking. How is this so in a free enterprise society? In the sort of economy which Sir Anthony and Mr. Butler advocate, the employer is free to make his profits and invest them as he will—often, be it said, against the public interest. Surely, then, the worker must be equally free to sell his labour at its market price, and to bargain as shrewdly and toughly as he can to establish that price.

The Prime Minister went out of his way to endorse the proposition, already put forward more than once by Sir Brian Robertson, that the Transport Commission should not be called upon to negotiate with men on strike. But we can see no justification at all for any such proposition. During the war and in the early post-war years, the tradition grew up that negotiations over a strike could not take place until work had been resumed. But there was a particular reason for that at the time. Under Defence Regulations, strikes were normally illegal and thus almost always unofficial. So there was at least some logic in denying negotiations to men who were on strike in breach of the law and against the advice of their elected leaders. Moreover, in an economy planned to secure fair shares, most workers were, on the whole, prepared to accept the good sense and rough justice of this limitation on their freedom.

Today's situation is totally different. Defence Regulations are repealed. Strikes, with very few special exceptions, are legal and the economy is uncontrolled. The footplate strike has been an official one, called with perfect constitutional propriety after due notice and after the failure of more peaceful methods of negotiation. Why on earth should the men be instructed by the Prime Minister that they must surrender to the employers before they have used their full strength to win their case within the law? If such a doctrine were to become generally accepted in the case of lawful, official strikes, it would imply the end of traditional methods of industrial bargaining; for enduring bargains cannot be struck if one of the two parties to an industrial dispute—and one only—is forced to lay down its arms before sitting down to truce talks. In a planned economy, a wages plan has its place; but free enterprise must very rapidly degenerate into industrial tyranny if it does not include freedom for the unions.

The full seriousness of Sir Anthony's blunder only became apparent early this week when the T.U.C., with considerable statesmanship, put forward its Five-Point plan for settling the strike. Naturally in such a complex situation, the plan contained a number of ambiguities and uncertainties which could only be resolved in negotiation. But its outstanding merit was that, within twenty-four hours, it had been accepted by A.S.L.E.F. and at least not rejected by the N.U.R. Moreover, its provisions covered the main issues of the dispute. It stipulated inter-union discussions on the whole question of railway differentials: it offered the chance of an immediate interim settlement between the Transport Commission and A.S.L.E.F., which would permit an early resumption of work: and it provided that the N.U.R. should also be party to such an interim arrangement—thus meeting Sir Brian Robertson's reasonable point that he could not make a concession to A.S.L.E.F. without knowing the cost of consequential concessions he might have to make to the N.U.R.

But the plan contained a further provision and one to which both the T.U.C. and the footplate men attached the greatest importance: negotiations for the interim settlement were to be undertaken immediately—before the men returned to work. As we go to press, Sir Brian Robertson's 5-hour talk with Mr. Baty suggests that the Government may accept this condition of an all-round settlement. It is already clear that the Transport Commission is not ready to move without the full backing of the Government. But the Government is to some extent trapped by the Prime Minister's indiscretion. If it turns down the T.U.C. plan, it has nothing to put in its place and it must face the charge that it is prepared to prolong the strike rather than facilitate a settlement which might favour the strikers. If it accepts the plan, it has somehow to find a way round the obstacle which Sir Anthony has so unnecessarily created. We earnestly hope that his Cabinet colleagues have now advised Sir Anthony that the only way out of his dilemma is to retreat. The consequences of prolonging the present strike a day longer than is necessary would be incalculably serious for the whole country. Moreover, a quarrel between the T.U.C. and the Government on such a point as this—and after the T.U.C. had gone so far to prepare the way for a settlement—could not fail to embitter industrial relations and weaken the efficiency of the Ministry of Labour machinery which, created by Ernest Bevin and used with considerable skill by all his successors, has become one of Britain's great industrial assets.

NEXT WEEK

SUMMER BOOKS

Special Literary Supplement

WESTMINSTER

Eminent Victorians

"And what did you do in the Revolution, grandpa?" asked little Gilles. And the Vicomte replied, "I survived." Clustering in the corridors the Labour survivors, a trifle *ancien régime* despite their weather-beaten faces, were shaking each other's hands in wistful self-congratulation. Where were the majorities of yesteryear? Where Follick, Wyatt and Nally? If the questions were asked, no one waited for the answers. *We're* all right, Jack, the faces said, and turned themselves to the future.

For many, Dalton's declaration against the gerontocracy seemed the most important development in the Parliamentary Labour Party since 1945. Naturally enough, the elders were less enthusiastic about it than the youngers. "Surely," they said, "we bring to the Shadow Cabinet the wisdom and the experience of veterans. Why retire *us*?"

Some of the Party's older men were, indeed, more sympathetic to Dalton's personal renunciation of office than to the manner in which he had involved them all. Here was their dilemma. If they followed Dalton's example, they would be acting against their own better judgment, since they had so much to offer the Party. On the other hand, if they followed their own self-assessment and stood for the Shadow Cabinet, they would be candidates deprived by Dalton's impiety of the deference towards old age which is so characteristic of the Labour Movement.

When in the past the striplings of the Parliamentary Party abused the greybeards, some Elisha of the Front Bench would always be ready to send two she-bears to chew them up. But this was different. The hopeful young men of the 1945 Parliament were now frustrated middle-aged men who had been waiting too long for the "log-jam of the ancients" to break. The blast of irreverence released by the liveliest of the elder statesmen, expressed their own thought; and they showed it so manifestly that, by the end of the day, at least two revered front-benchers were rumoured to be thinking seriously of not offering themselves for re-election to the Shadow Cabinet unless pressed very hard. If Dalton felt too old for the 1960 Election, what should one say of the others? said the brash young man.

Of all the others, that is to say, except, of course, Clem Attlee—for there is no single person in the Party today who still commands so much justified faith and trust as Attlee. Eeny-meeny-miney-mo, the new M.P.s muttered—Attlee, Morrison, Bevan, Gaitskell and-er-Griffiths. But it always worked out the same. When the form was examined, the Parliamentary Labour Party, chastened and autoprotective, was in no mood to put its money on anything—not for the present at least—except the old colours. Between now and the end of the session—especially if it is now to last for fourteen months instead of a bare six weeks—new reputations may emerge through the Shadow Cabinet, on the Front Bench and among the interesting arrivals on the Back Benches. While the pattern of the Party is establishing itself it is Attlee above all who will give it coherence and enable it to face in full vigour the exultant Tories.

Looking at them during Mr. W. S. Morrison's speech on his nomination as Speaker (and what a model of grace it was!) the Leader of the Labour Party must have thought there were an awful lot of Tories in front of him. For the first time since 1945, they spilled into the gangways, while on the Labour benches there were gaps. But above all, these Tories were young. First eleven, second eleven, third eleven, reserves, Ramblers, I Zingari—they stretched into a dim prospect of Conservative Front Benches in the years to come. It is almost certain that Clem Attlee, whose devotion to the Labour Party is absolute, must share in the general concern that the heirs of his Party should have some training in responsibility now, without having to wait till death plucks a path for their inexperience.

On Tuesday there were thoughtful expressions and funereal euphemisms among the returning Labour Members. They spoke of the set-back, and they meant the defeat. They spoke of Labour's apathy; and they meant Labour's boredom; they spoke of the Tory organisation—and well, they could say it again! Nobody doubted that in many constituencies the rusty Labour tricycle couldn't keep up with the Tory racer.

For all that, there was a strong, bright shaft of sunlight that threw an aura on two or three heads. Among the shrunken majorities, the marginals marched proudly in their haloes. Reading and Rugby had shown that modern minds and techniques, supplemented by the Labour enthusiasm, can beat the Tories at their own game. Very suitably, Mikardo, Johnson, Dye and W. T. Williams, Labour's champion marginals, received the sort of respect offered to fighter-pilots. They'd gone "dicing" with exiguous majorities, and had got away with it. You almost expected to see their top waistcoat buttons undone. You almost expected Dalton to issue an emergency decree forbidding anyone under fifty from holding office.

Maurice Edelman

"... but ... it is a living body they are about to examine."—Aneurin Bevan

London Diary

The engine drivers' strike has made it easier, except at rush hour, to get about inside London. Indeed, for the first time it looks as though the problem of London traffic is not insoluble. At the cost of having a very large number of police on duty to take a savage line with motorists who try to park in streets not marked with a P, London has been kept comparatively fluid. Gradually, those who needn't go into the centre of London are persuaded to by-pass it; those who can, to leave their cars in an outer ring, and others to find a garage or to search miserably for a vacant hole to back into. It will be very difficult, when the feeling of emergency is over, to maintain these good habits. But we shall be fools if we do not.

* * *

By way of contrast, some motorists may remember the chaos they arranged for themselves during the General Strike in 1926. If your office was in a small square with only one entrance for vehicles (as a good many were before the blitz), you would find that to be the first to park your car in the morning was inevitably to be the last to get out at night. This meant, sometimes, that the owner of the first one in, after a furious wait of an hour or so at the end of the day, would give it up and go home by other means (by "lorribus," for example—you remember the lorries with improvised "knife-board" benches?). But it also led to one spectacle that immortalised, for the few privileged to see it, the arrival of the baby car of the Twenties. Tight against the row of guard-posts that permanently closed one entrance to a square

to all but pedestrian traffic, a seven-horse midget parked by a young woman doctor was hemmed in by a sea of big cars. Four huge policemen seized a wheel each, lifted the car bodily over the posts, and allowed the astonished lady to drive off down a footway that for centuries had been out of bounds even to a man on horseback.

* * *

The affair of Herr Schlüter seems to me a perfect example of the working of power politics in Western Germany. In order to obtain the two-thirds majority necessary for legislation required to create a German Army, Dr. Adenauer needs the vote of the representatives of Lower Saxony in the Upper Chamber at Bonn. When the Adenauer coalition ousted the Socialists from the *Land* Government a few weeks ago, the Free Democrats, the smallest but indispensable group in that coalition, were in a position to name their price. It included the appointment, as Minister of Education, of Herr Schlüter, a member of the Free Democrats' extremely reactionary Right wing. Schlüter himself is politically a dubious character. Half a Jew by birth, he made his peace with the Nazis; and, after the war, was mistakenly appointed by the British as head of the criminal police in Göttingen. After he had been dismissed, he helped to form the extreme nationalist Deutsche Reichspartei and became a leading publisher for Nazi authors. He joined the Free Democrats in 1952. His appointment to the Ministry of Education was too much for the academics of Göttingen; and the Rector of the University, along with the whole of his Senate, resigned in protest.

* * *

Up to a point, I am glad to see, the protest has been effective. The Rector and his colleagues have secured wide support from all liberal quarters in Germany; and an inquiry into the antecedents of Herr Schlüter, which they demanded, has been set on foot by Dr. Dehler, the leader of the Free Democrats. The row has deepened the split between the liberal and reactionary wings of the Party; but I am not sure whether the inquiry will yield very satisfactory results. The "investigators" who have been appointed by Herr Dehler—Herr Middelhauve from the Ruhr and Herr Nowak from the Rhineland—are both carefully chosen; they are most unlikely to sympathise with the protest and they can be trusted to pour on the case all the whitewash they can.

* * *

A shrewd Tory remarked to me the other day that he dated many Labour troubles from Herbert Morrison's mistake in getting himself appointed Foreign Secretary in 1951. Surely, he must have known that he was quite unsuitable? I agreed, pointing out that the usual reason given for this act of folly was that the holder of the Foreign Office is thought to be the next in succession for the leadership of the Party. The dialogue continued like this:

Tory. Ironically enough, Morrison's succession would be far more secure today if he had not made a fool of himself at the Foreign Office. Attlee should have appointed Nye Bevan; he would have been a good Foreign Secretary. It is to his credit, in my view, that he cannot get on with the Communists.

K. M. He certainly finds it more difficult than Tories do. As a real Social Democrat, he feels compelled to show the Communists that they are not the only people capable of theorising about politics. Whenever they meet, he treats them to a lecture on free speech and democratic behaviour.

Tory. If he had been given the Foreign Office, there would not have been a Bevanite group or a split in the Labour Party, and, in that case, Labour would have probably won the last election.

K. M. So by his greed in 1951 Morrison impaired his own chances of leadership, destroyed Nye Bevan's political career, and dealt a body blow to the Party itself?

Tory. That's about the size of it.

* * *

On Sunday, the diplomatic correspondent of the *Observer* wrote that "in all the wide reporting" in Eastern Europe of Krushchev's speech at Belgrade airport, "his placing of the blame for the split with Yugoslavia on Beria and Abakumov has been omitted." Could this possibly be true? After all, *Pravda* printed the speech in full, and nothing is easier to obtain in Prague or Bucharest than the latest edition of *Pravda*. And the speech itself was broadcast. To make sure, I made inquiries. I learn that the speech was generally reported verbatim, and I have personally checked that the reference to Beria was not omitted or altered in the Communist press. The *Observer* correspondent can himself turn, for example, to the Bulgarian Communist paper, *Rabotnececko Delo*, No. 147, of Friday, May 27, which printed the speech and gave Belgrade Radio as its source. On the same day, the party newspaper in Budapest, *Szabad Nep*, No. 145, published the whole statement on page three. I am at a loss to imagine on what the *Observer* correspondent based his sweeping statement.

* * *

I am ashamed to say that I have not yet been to Canonbury Tower since it became a theatre. I have, of course, been "meaning to go" for a long time. Consequently, I missed seeing, among other good things, a dramatised version of Dr. Bronowski's *The Face of Violence* when it was performed there by the Tavistock Repertory Company a couple of months ago. Bronowski's play was originally broadcast, and published as a book by the Turnstile Press. The Canonbury performance was reviewed by Montagu Slater in this journal, and I have no doubt that his enthusiasm was responsible for some of the many requests that have prompted repeat performances at the Canonbury Tower, on June 17th, 18th and 19th. Having said this little bit to boost the theatre (and, incidentally, this journal), I should add that my chief reason for going is that I was deeply interested in *The Face of Violence* when I read it, and that it left me with the feeling that there was much more in it than I had immediately grasped.

* * *

A very odd thing. I woke up during Sunday night, Freud knows why, with the face of a small boy in my mind. His hair was tow-coloured and his face was pink. I remembered it as vividly as if I had seen it yesterday, instead of nearly half a century ago. The only remarkable thing about it was that it was bathed in tears. The small boy was being exhorted to be a man, and to remember how unsuitable his tears were in view of the character and career of his father who, I distinctly recall, was said to be an Admiral of the Fleet, and therefore a person of outstanding courage. I can date this incident, about which I can remember nothing more than I have just said, with accuracy, because we were both in the preparatory school of the Hereford Cathedral School, when I was nine. The boy's name I knew beyond doubt when I woke up was Symonds-Tayler (we called each other by surnames in those far-off manly days), and I can find (by the process of "free association") no more convincing reason for suddenly dreaming about him than that his face reminded me of Malcolm Muggeridge's, which I had seen the day before. Even so, there is no resemblance—except a sort of pink hairlessness about both of them. But now I come to the oddest part of my pointless story. I wrote this down as I have just written it, directly I woke up. I have since looked up Symonds-Tayler in *Who's Who*, and discover that the boy with whom I was at school nearly fifty years ago is himself now a distinguished Admiral, while his father is mentioned as having been a Lieutenant Colonel.

* * *

This incident illustrates the peculiar difficulty of writing an autobiography. My memory appears to be entirely inconsequent, unless, of course, the confusion about the Admiral is regarded as an example of Dunne's theory of time. One trivial association leads to another, equally trivial. The crying, pink boy who, after all, made good as an Admiral, was exhorted to be brave by someone feminine; it must have been, I think, a teacher named Miss Dance, about whom I can remember very much more, most of it, I should say, of no public interest at all. For instance, I spent twopence, which was then a very large sum of money, on buying her a Christmas card. With infinite pains, in my neatest copper plate, I wrote the words "To Dear Dance," only to realise, horribly, that I had omitted the word "Miss." This was sheer tragedy. I could not scratch out the words; they were in ink. I had spent my only twopence. In the end (though here my memory wavers) I sent the card like this:

Miss

"To dear/Dance." And a lot of interest that would be to my beloved public, wouldn't it?

CRITIC

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Princess Anne is reported to be alarmingly unafraid of horses. She has been seen to wander up nervelessly to very large horses who are not aware of her royal status.—*Daily Express*. (P. Dutton.)

Girls on holiday would be protected from the attentions of young men with bad intentions if they followed the example of my daughter.

She always wears on her dress or coat the emblem of the church organization to which she belongs.—Letter in *Daily Herald*. (G. N. Burton.)

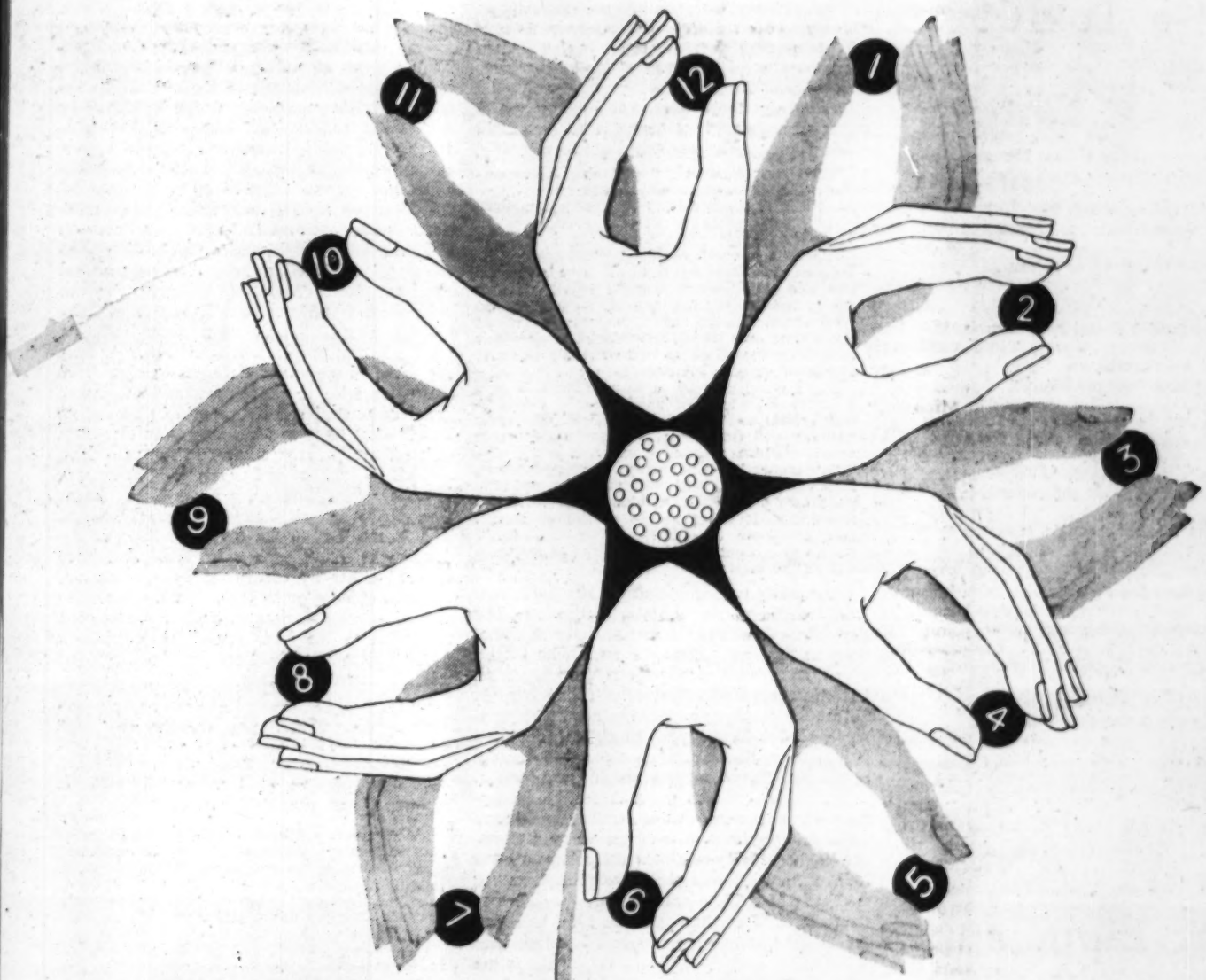
Instead of striking could not the members of the trade union concerned continue to work but while doing so wear a badge bearing the words "on strike but in national interest remaining at work"?—Letter in *The Times*. (P. Grant.)

Members of the Civil Defence at Bexhill have been given a free run of a brickworks for an exercise on June 20.

A hydrogen bomb will be assumed to have been dropped on Eastbourne, about 20 miles away. "Refugees" will be taken to a rest centre and given a cup of tea.—*Evening Standard*. (J. Brook.)

I am pretty certain that if Jesus were here today He would reject the title they have stuck onto His name of The Lord Jesus and would rather be Comrade Jesus.

And wouldn't He have been delighted with the irrigation schemes of Russia and China?—Letter in *Daily Worker*. (M. Rosser.)



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When transport chiefs and workers can't agree,
When the strike-bound population is hitch-hiking,
is hitch-hiking
And the Crown proclaims a State Emergency;
When British Railways, now described as National,
as National,
In present circumstances can't be run—
Though the situation must appear irrational,
irrational,
There's absolutely nothing to be done.

* * *

The Railway Staff Tribunal and Commission,
and Commission
Rewarded at a differential rate,
Have made a lamentable exhibition,
exhibition,
Of ways to stop the railways of the State.
The strike is on, and leaders cannot break it,
cannot break it,
The Premier tells his trouble to the mike;
But Britain shows, as ever, she can take it,
she can take it,
For everyone respects the right to strike.

* * *

The general breakdown people view with lenience,
view with lenience,
As in the stations patiently they queue,
-ly they queue,
Though never so much public inconvenience,
inconvenience,
Was suffered by so many through so few.
Though necessary journeys are obstructed,
are obstructed,
While T.U.C. and Whitehall strive for power,
strive for power,
The British public is so well conducted,
well conducted,
That this is Britain's second finest hour.

SAGITTARIUS

Mr. Lippmann Loses Faith

How fashions change! Ten years ago Left-wing convictions were still modish among "well-informed public opinion"—by which, of course, I mean the readers of *The Times*, the *Guardian* and the weeklies. Now the right thing is, not to be a Conservative (that would be too positive an attitude) but to show a studied indifference to party politics, and to express quizzical doubts about the Socialist belief that human society can be improved by political action. Apparently we are at the beginning of an intellectual reaction against democratic evolution not dissimilar from that led by Matthew Arnold in the 1850s.

That this reaction is not confined to Britain or Western Europe is shown by Walter Lippmann's latest book.* For years Mr. Lippmann has been throwing the pearls of his expertise before the swine of a vast syndicated readership. Quite suddenly his patience has snapped. In *The Public Philosophy* he tells us that the decline of the West —which he dates from the first world war—has been due to the poisonous influence of a mass electorate on foreign policy. He derives this corruption of Western freedom from the Jacobite heresy which taught men to seek the kingdom of heaven on earth and to assume that voters can be relied on to represent the people; and he concludes that the catastrophe which is befalling us can only be averted if the Executive can first regain its mastery over the legislature, and then re-educate the despotic masses into a submissive acceptance of Natural Law.

Lest anyone should think that I am exaggerating the violence of his revulsion, let me quote one of Mr. Lippmann's more temperate passages:

> The record shows that the peoples of democracies, having become sovereign in this century, have made it increasingly difficult for their governments to prepare properly for war, or to make peace. Their responsible officials have been like the ministers of an opinionated and wilful despot. . . . Between the critical junctures . . . they have often been able to circumvent extremist popular opinions and to weedle their way towards moderation and good sense. In the crises, however—over and above their own human propensities to err—they have been compelled to make the big mistakes that public opinion has insisted on. . . .
>
> There is no mystery as to why there is such a tendency for popular opinion to be wrong in judging war and peace. Strategic and diplomatic decisions call for a kind of knowledge—not to speak of experience, and a seasoned judgment—which cannot be had by glancing at newspapers, listening to snatches of radio comment, watching politicians perform on television, and reading a few books. It would not be enough to make a man competent to decide whether to amputate a leg, and it is not enough to qualify him to choose war or peace.

Consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Lippmann has lifted this passage almost verbatim from *The Republic*. Plato was the first to describe democracy as a despot. Ruling is an art, he taught, which requires not merely specialised knowledge, but the special education of a ruling elite in Divine Philosophy; and he concluded that, until the philosophers become kings, or the kings philosophers, all the good man can do is to take refuge from the storm, and tend his own soul.

Are there sufficient grounds for Mr. Lippmann's dramatic espousal of Platonic pessimism? In describing the decline of the Western democracies, he entirely overlooks the enlargement of human freedom, and the improvement in the standards of social conduct which they have to their credit. Does he regard the New Deal and the Welfare State merely as bread and circuses with which corrupt politicians win the votes of the mass electorate? But let us overlook this omission, and concentrate with Mr. Lippmann on the sphere of international relations. Let us assume, with him, that the foreign policies of our governments have been disastrously wrong. Is this due, as he asserts, to the extension of the franchise, and to the claim of the electorate to have the last word in foreign policy. Is it a fact, for instance (to take three of his own examples), that the Versailles Treaty, Munich, and unconditional surrender, were forced upon the politicians by the masses in defiance of the wisdom of an educated elite?

Mr. Lippmann provides no evidence to support this view. Between the wars, I cannot recall an instance in which a British or American statesman tried to do the kind of thing we now think should have been done and was then repudiated by the electorate. In fact, it was the traditional political leadership, backed by a large section of the educated elite which led us in the wrong direction. Is there any evidence, for instance, that the British people would have rejected Baldwin in the 1935 election or forced Chamberlain to resign in 1938, if either of them had shown the courage of Churchill? Was it the mass electorate which saddled us with unconditional surrender in 1942, or the Morganthau Plan, and the dreadful non-fraternisation order in 1944? Was it the American people which refused to negotiate surrender with the Mikardo, and preferred to drop the atomic bomb?

Since 1945, the record is even more strongly against Mr. Lippmann's thesis. Both the British and the American voter has shown an uncanny instinct for distinguishing the politician from the statesman, and whenever he has been given the chance he has preferred courageous adherence to principle either to the bluster of the demagogue or to the half measures beloved by the parliamentary tactician. Time after time, when a leader has screwed himself up to disregard his well-informed experts, forget electoral or party repercussions, and take an "unpopular" decision which he knows to be right, he has been surprised to find that the people are not behind him but in front of him, and waiting for him to catch them up. Mr. Attlee's liberation of India was too extreme for the experts in Whitehall, but the British people were ready for it; and his two most "unpopular" decisions—to introduce national service in peace-time, and to impose bread rationing in order to prevent famine in Bengal—lost him no votes among an electorate which Mr. Lippmann accuses of always seeking its creature comforts and saying "no" to changes of policy. Mr. Truman, a much braver leader than Mr. Roosevelt, had the same experience. The Marshall Plan, the Berlin air lift, and the decision to resist aggression in Korea, were opposed either by experts or by a section of educated opinion, or by both. Yet the American people, as soon as they were given the chance, responded to his lead, just as they are now responding to Mr. Eisenhower's belated decision to crack down on his crackpot military experts. Finally, it was not the French people who pulled down "Mr. France," but that educated elite which Mr. Lippmann finds so superior to the masses.

At one point in its argument, *The Public Philosophy* gets near to the truth.

> The powers which were ceded by the Executive passed through the assemblies which could not exercise them to the mass of the voters who though unable also to exercise them, passed them on to the party bosses, the agents of pressure groups, and the magnates of the new media of mass communication.

Had he followed up this line of thought, Mr. Lippmann might have realised that the failures of democracy are due not to the sovereignty accorded to the electorate, but to the frustration of that sovereignty by power groups and élites greedy to retain their privileged status. To whom does the weak politician surrender when he funks an unpopular decision? Not to the electorate, but to a press campaign, to a lobby, to a party caucus, to a financial backer, or even to experts in the Foreign Office, or the Ministry of Defence. Mr. Lippmann concedes that British democracy is far healthier than American, and praises it for "enfranchising the masses into the Government class, as distinguished from enfranchising them from the overthrow and displacement of the Government class." What he fails to notice is that our success in creating a responsible electorate is due, first to the absence of a written constitution pitting executive against legislature, and secondly to the transfer of an *undivided* sovereignty to the people as voters. In the United States, on the other hand, the Constitution might have been designed to encourage surrenders to special interests, and to disintegrate popular sovereignty into the splintered voices of selfish groups. And the situation is made worse by the failure to achieve universal suffrage. As Mr. Lippmann himself observes, only 15 per cent. of the Americans in 1900 were entitled to vote, and even today (partly owing to the disenfranchisement of Negroes in the South, and even more to the obstacles put in the

* *The Public Philosophy*. By WALTER LIPPMANN. *Hamish Hamilton*. 12s. 6d.

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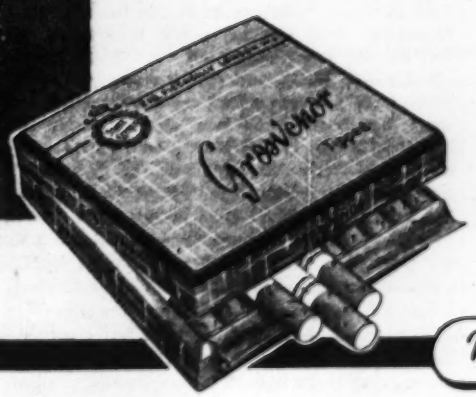

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way of everyone, Black or White, in getting on the voters' register) the figure is only 30 per cent. In brief, the corrupt features of American democracy are due not to the enlargement of the electorate but to its limitation, not to the abuse of the voters' sovereignty but to its frustration by vested political interests.

My conclusion is that so far from being proved a failure, the participation of the electorate in the great decisions of State has scarcely begun; and whenever a British or American politician has had the courage to trust the people, he has not been disappointed. The disease of Western democracy is not the great despotism of the mass electorate, but the little despotisms of those who despise the voter, think they know better, and try to manage him. It is the press lord, the lobbyist, the party boss, and the bureaucrat, who are chiefly responsible for weak government, and cowardly decisions. All of them are necessary evils in the modern State, but their malign influence will not be curbed by Mr. Lippmann's declaration of disbelief. If enlightened public opinion, of which he has been such a shining example, ceases to believe in the efficacy of the democratic process, and becomes a lugubrious spectator of it, that indeed would be the treason of the clerks.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

When the General Surrenders

JUST as, in the Alps, a prestige line marks off the peaks above 4,000 metres from all the others, so the aristocrats of the Himalaya are those over 8,000 metres (roughly 26,000 feet). There are fourteen of them, ten in the Himalaya proper and four in the Karakoram, and until five years ago not one had been climbed. Serious attempts had started at the end of last century. In 1895, Mummery, the man who raised rock-climbing in the Alps to a new level, reached a point about 20,000 feet on Nanga Parbat—ninth of the fourteen. Since then there have been five more assaults on Nanga Parbat, eight on Everest, four on Kanchenjunga, five on K2. Several times climbers passed the 8,000-metre mark on Everest and on K2, but no 8,000-metre top was reached till 1950, when a French expedition under Maurice Herzog climbed Annapurna in Nepal. Three years later Everest was climbed; a few weeks after that, Nanga Parbat; last year it was K2 and Cho Oyu; now we hear of the French victory on Makalu, and the British on Kanchenjunga—third in height, and thought to be technically the hardest of all. What is more—and this is new in the history of eight-thousanders—Charles Evans's team has placed two parties on top of Kanchenjunga on two successive days, proving this to be no desperately-snatched success.

Why, after all these years of effort, should all these eight-thousanders have gone in such a rush? The sequence of success is certainly not due to any one superb performer, or any one team. The victories have been scored by French, British, German-Austrian, Austrian and Italian expeditions; a New Zealander and an Indian (or Nepalese—Tensing still wisely refuses to commit himself) have stood on top of Everest; and Swiss on Everest, Japanese on Manaslu, Americans on K2, Argentinians on Dhaulagiri, have all gone very high. It is more like those moments in sport when, after one person has reached a new level, suddenly the standard shoots up all round. Or, as Tensing has put it more picturesquely, "when the General surrenders, all his lieutenants yield also." Bannister runs the four-minute mile in England; a few weeks later it is Landy in Australia; and now a Hungarian and two more Britons are making it a commonplace. In mountaineering, there was a similar outburst in the eighteen-fifties and sixties, when peak after Alpine peak declared inaccessible was climbed; and again in the nineteen-thirties, when the terrible North Faces—Matterhorn, Grandes Jorasses, Eiger—were at last mastered. The knowledge that such feats can be done is an enormous stimulus to doing them: bogys are laid (such as that there is an upper limit of endurance at 28,000 feet), confidence injected, a proper emulation kindled. There has, inevitably, been a good deal of national rivalry in all this Himalayan activity: but with the three highest peaks out of the way, climbers perhaps may now regard each other's successes more in the spirit of friendly competition between individuals than as struggles for national prestige.

As well as the incalculable stimulus of previous triumphs there are plenty of more prosaic reasons for this outbreak of success. One is the post-war opening of Nepal to foreigners, which has made accessible for the first time four of the eight-thousanders, and alternative approaches to two others which lie on its frontiers. It is from the Nepalese side that both Everest and Kanchenjunga have been finally climbed. A second reason is air-travel, which has made it possible for far more climbers to go to the Himalaya, and go more often, than the few who can afford the three to four months for the round trip by sea. Quite a lot of young British, French and Swiss have scored the three or more consecutive seasons which used to be the prerogative of climbers living in India, have gained in acclimatisation, and become used to the Himalayan scale and the peculiar conditions of snow and ice. Charles Evans, leader of the Kanchenjunga party, has been out five times in the last six years. With each expedition, more is known about the mountains; this year's Kanchenjunga success follows on a reconnaissance last year, and both were made possible financially by the success on Everest in 1953. Increasing activity has also, by giving Sherpas more practice, raised their standard, too. There are, as well, all the technical improvements, in which each expedition profits by its predecessor's experience—in food, clothing, equipment and oxygen apparatus, not to speak of the new drugs which, if they were not responsible for Buhl's extraordinary solo ascent of Nanga Parbat, certainly got him down alive.

In the Kanchenjunga triumph, we can also see one or two domestic reasons for success. Not only are there now more British climbers with Himalayan experience—of the team, Evans and Band were on Everest in 1953, and most of the others have been on expeditions—but there are more first-class climbers in Britain from whom a Himalayan team can be picked than when the first Everest expedition went out. More people are climbing today, and climbing has spread far beyond the professional classes among whom the sport was born. The new climbers from the industrial towns of the North, who go off every week-end—Derbyshire gritstone, an hour's bus ride from Manchester, if not North Wales in four hours on motor-bikes—have done a great deal to raise the standard beyond the point attained by the generation which only climbed on British hills on Christmas and Easter vacations. Nor is it just a training in climbing that these aces from Manchester and Glasgow acquire, but a training in toughness. They camp in all weathers in all places; they make light of enormous loads. (Two Creag Dhus, the club started by Glasgow unemployed, carried 60lb each to 22,000 feet on Pumori a couple of years ago, after back-packing nearly three times that load on the approach march). Superior elders often complain that these home-bred tigers are only rock-gymnasts, not mountaineers; but when they go abroad, they do not often seem at a loss. Last year Joe Brown, a young Manchester builder's mate, whose climbing has in two years become a legend, made, with only one bivouac, a fantastically hard route on the West Face of the Dru at Chamonix—general angle, 80°—which had cost his predecessors three nights out. Joe Brown was picked for Kanchenjunga, no doubt on the grounds that anyone who can climb overhangs on the Dru with water streaming down the face, has what it takes for an eight-thousander. And now he and George Band, who began his climbing with the Cambridge mountaineering club, have reached the summit dome, followed the next day by Hardie the New Zealander and Streather, the officer of the Chitral Scouts whose record is never to have climbed on a peak under 24,000 feet.

The same home training in toughness lies behind the three-woman Scottish expedition which has reappeared at Katmandu after a successful foray in the Jugul Himal, during which they climbed to 22,000 feet. They had prepared themselves by winter camps in the high corries of Glencoe and Ben Nevis, and summer expeditions to the remote mountains of northern Norway. Their success, reported the same day as Kanchenjunga, underlines a truth more often overlooked by the general public than by climbers: that the Himalaya are not just an arena for titanic struggles, the hardest adventures, but a matchless setting for enjoyment and recreation, with a place for the competent small party as well as for the highly organised conquerors of eight-thousanders.

When all explaining is done, there is no explaining away the immense zest and enhancement of life that such acts can give, to a far wider circle than those who climb themselves. It may be partly because—like running the four-minute mile, but not like flying through the sound-barrier—it is a triumph won by the common human machine. To know that a pair of legs, the pumping machinery of heart and lungs, and the driving power of will—an engine not different in kind from those which take us daily to the 8.15 or up our office stairs—can also carry a man to the very top of the world, makes us all feel a little better. Men don't go off to Makalu or Kanchenjunga to benefit humanity, but because they like climbing mountains; but they often do benefit humanity in spite of themselves by awakening a sense of man's potentialities, by releasing a flow of energy, that—however personal and local its origin—may bear fruit a long way off the mountains.

Divinely beautiful, Kanchenjunga opens its glory to the plains: ten thousands have seen the Five Sacred Treasuries of the Snows for every one who has looked on the grimmer face of Everest, screened by the other giants of Nepal. Both those who only know its superb beauty, and those who know just what superb mountaineering was called for to achieve success, will be glad it has been climbed, and as glad that the top has not been stood on. The last hard rock-step mastered, the climbers stopped short five vertical feet off the top, out of proper respect for the religious feelings of the Sikkimese to whom these dazzling summits are the home of gods. But it is a gesture with significance beyond Sikkim: a reminder that there is more to mountains than the climbing of them, and far more to the climbing of great mountains than crossing just another eight-thousander off the list.

JANET ADAM SMITH

Thoughts on Growing Grass

WHAT I need is more grass. My cash-crop is the traditionally Highland one of cattle, though, as the centuries go by, one has reluctantly to give up raiding one's neighbours. Besides, grass is the obvious thing to grow in a district of heavy rainfall, round about eighty inches a year. Other crops may fail or be intolerably hard to win, but the grass grows green and long and lush. Some people cut for silage, but good hay is as valuable or better, and we have usually managed to make good hay, partly because we can count on a reasonably large labour force in haytime. I look speculatively at my innocent visitors: even an M.P. can be made to do useful work!

But grass needs looking after, like any other crop. Lachlan and I go round the fields, discussing the problem of each one. Sheneval, the field which was sown out last year, has a beautiful, wind-rippling, thick hay crop, but not as tall or as ripe as the grass has been at this time in most other years. It did not come away at all until the end of the cold weather. We shall probably cut a fortnight later than usual, well into July. The meadow below the road is a different problem. This is second-year grass, and has suffered because we had a job getting the corn off it the first year, while last year patches of the grass were lying after our wet June, and killed the layer below. It is a very wet field, in spite of all our draining, and the steady outpour that shows these drains are working. So I decided, after two rotations, in one of which we lost almost all the green crop owing to the wet, that it had better go back to permanent pasture. But this Spring there were patches with no grass on them, only horrible creeping buttercups and the other weeds of sour land. It had lime not so long ago, and phosphates last year, but probably most of it has washed away down the drains. I thought the best thing would be a light dressing of Nitro-Chalk; this is less drastic than sulphate of ammonia which brings on the young grass leaf at the expense of the clover. The sourest looking bits could have some lime as well. Lachlan sowed some seed we had over—and how madly expensive grass seed is!—on the bald patches. He sowed the Nitro-Chalk by hand—two hundredweights to the acre. But it wasn't easy to see just how far the flung handfuls were falling, so now the field has some peculiar pinkish yellow stripes of untreated grass between the green strips that have lapped up the Nitro-Chalk and are growing strongly.

The grazing fields are looking well, though they will be bare enough by the end of summer. One of them will get some ground lime-stone: hereabouts we need two lime dressings in each rotation, somewhere in the middle of the grass ley. The old cricket field in front of the house is very light soil. It improved the year we put some seaweed on to the young grass, but there was no tangle drifted into the bay this year; we had the wrong winds for it. The sole of clover is not persisting, and a lot of the grass is rather dry cocksfoot which the beasts don't like much. I have some young stock there, Ayrshires and Galloways, and they have left the cocksfoot and pulled up the fine grasses almost as badly as if they were sheep. Lachlan is going to give it a run with the mower high off the ground, to cut off the grass heads before they seed, so that the plants will have a chance to leaf again.

But between the cricket field—and it must be many, many years since anyone played cricket there, though the name persists—and the sea there is a hundred acres or more of rough grazing. It is old raised beach, very poor land. We ploughed some of it during the war, but it wasn't worth doing; there were only a few inches of soil above the sand. When we first came it was heavily over-grazed by rabbits and sheep. I changed to cattle, though I still have a very small wether flock, lambs I buy in at the back-end and sell through the year—or eat. We also ate enough of the rabbits to have made a big difference. The grass is very much better now. But what grows even better than grass is bracken. The best way to get my extra grazing that I so much need, is to clear some of the bracken.

Lachlan and I read in one another's minds the magic word: Grant. This is up to 50 per cent. of the cost of cutting, but it must be done to the Department's satisfaction, and over a period of three years. Deaf to urgent Labour Party election workers, I filled up the bracken-cutting form in a committee room and sent it off, in a typically Highland way, on the last possible day. The ground was looked over while I was away electioneering and I don't even know for certain if it will qualify, but all the same I am cutting and shall make my second cut in late July or August. Next year I shall probably only need to do one cut. I hope to cut ten acres, still leaving plenty of good thick stuff for Carradale's summer courtships. The bracken is now two to three fronds in leaf and makes excellent garden compost, though a trailer load melts down into a few forkfuls.

We are using the old mower and tackling the levellest bits of ground first. When Lachlan goes for his dinner I take on. The smell of the cut bracken is as strong and exciting as Bond Street; the sun blazes on one's arms and neck. I watch to see that the snicking blades don't jam on whin stalks or hummocks of earth. If they do I must stop and clear them. If the snickering gets uneven and jumpy, that means that one of the teeth has fallen out and must be found and the rivets hammered back. But mostly it goes well, about half an acre to the hour, the old Fordson—she was second-hand in 1940—rocking lumpishly over the uneven ground. I steer clear of bad rabbit holes and watch for peewit's nests, but so far have found none. There are far fewer peewits than there used to be, ever since, I think, the bad winter of 1947.

On most of the cleared land there is soft grass growing underneath, but I am not sure how it will go on through the year. There is some trefoil, but no clover; and it may be that once the bracken is away we may have to do some re-establishment of grass, or rather of sward, because on this kind of land there are probably a number of valuable herby plants which the cattle will like as much or more than coarse grass. A lot of grass research is going on, but not much on the kind of sward which can easily be established and kept up in West Highland conditions. This sort of research takes time and doesn't produce immediately impressive results, but it ought to be done and money ought to be found for it.

Of course, this isn't the only way to increase grass production. I could put on a lot more fertiliser and divide the fields up into small strips with electric fencing so as to have intensive controlled grazing. But this would mean expenditure both in capital and labour which the farm can't stand. In Denmark a farm this size would certainly use controlled grazing, probably on fodder crops, lucerne or clover, either with electric fencing or by tethering. But nobody is used to working that way here, though in the Islands the crofters' cattle are tethered. Ayrshires are touchy anyhow. They'd probably stage a sit-down strike.

NAOMI MITCHISON

After Many Days

Silence in court! The jurors fidget
Considering the case a bore
In spite of the disclosures in it.
The hard seat rubs their buttocks sore.

The judge dilates with emphasis
In suitably indignant tones
Upon the prodigies of vice
Performed by the delinquent Jones.

And all this time the Goddess gives
Her substance to the drift of chance,
A billionth part to fruit in lives
That make a judge's eyebrows dance.

No architecture yet devised
However prinked with ornament
Could emulate the improvised
Structure of her experiment.

A vast museum library,
Glass-fronted, tiered and polyglot
Delineates the pedigree
Of any baby in its cot.

The creature lies there plain and red
That needed troupes of kicking girls
And countless antics on the bed
To furnish it with three damp curls.

Extravagance is her label.
Consider megatheria,
Would you or I be capable
Of wasting such a good idea?

Love is her aim. She's not concerned
With tempests, wars, diseased rabbits,
Our history torn up and burned
Or Jones's curious habits.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

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Not a Born Fool

MR. DANNY KAYE sits relaxed, in a quiet dressing-gown, in the inner part of the star dressing-room at the London Palladium, discussing with candour and serenity the mixed reception that his latest appearance here has received from the critics.

Their main complaint was, in effect, that he had changed: that the formula of his act, his songs and his ways of handling them, were different from what they had been on his three previous visits. "I would be less than human," he says, "if I didn't like good notices . . . but this—this I welcome. I hope I have changed. I don't believe talent is something you take out of a box just for the show. You have to grow and develop all the time, as an entertainer and as a human being."

According to a classic but negative definition, poetry is verse which cannot be exactly expressed or paraphrased in prose. Mr. Kaye is hardly more successful in illustrating what he means at this point: "It's as if you drew a big pattern and it went in one series—light grey, dark grey, red, light red, ever-changing colours. . . ." His face, when he is engaged in these abstract speculations, is curiously immobile: then a flicker passes over it; he relapses into common speech (laced with English rather than American expletives), and calls for cold meat and fruit juice.

Nevertheless, he will concede this to the critics: on his opening night his performance was less good than his best. He had a cold; the cold made him feel ill at ease, and consequently nervous. "There is always tension, of course; but it's usually like spinning a top—you wind it up, pull it, and let it spin."

Mr. Kaye feels that his London audiences have developed as much as he has. "It's even more exciting than it was the other times," he says, "but there's an absence of that strange hysteria. . . . The response is warm, solid, adult." This may seem, *prima facie*, an odd word to use of an audience which is obliged by the performer to participate in some fairly crazy antics. Yet, last Saturday night, there was no incongruity in it: gales of laughter rocked the vast auditorium, but the star had everything under complete control throughout his eighty-five minutes (twice nightly) on the stage; his songs were never drowned by ecstatic yelps and adolescent love-calls from the gallery; the crowd of fans waiting for autographs outside the stage-door was noticeably smaller and more orderly than the crowds that mob, for instance, Mr. Johnnie Ray.

Intercourse with a living audience is a vital necessity to Mr. Kaye. That is why, though he has been making films for twelve years, he still works regularly on the music-hall stage. "In a motion-picture," he says, "everything goes out from you, nothing comes back. The camera absorbs mechanically all that you give: nothing comes to re-stimulate you. . . . With an audience, it's like a sending and receiving set." This need for direct communication is one aspect of his consuming interest in human nature and human behaviour—an interest that also expresses itself more particularly in his acutely observed stage parodies of the speech and conduct of individual human beings of many nationalities, and in the serious devotion to the ideals and work of U.N.I.C.E.F. which led him to make the moving documentary film *Assignment Children*.

He is, in short, a humanist, in the fullest sense of that rather vague word. He has no formal religion, and feels distaste for the hypocrisy of some of those who have; but does not deny the value of religious experience for millions who need it. He has never attempted to disguise the fact that he is a Jew; but he deliberately avoids the specifically Jewish allusions or jokes in which some Jewish comedians indulge. He explains, almost solemnly: "I have never once, by word, inflexion, or gesture, proclaimed what I am. An entertainer belongs to all the people in the theatre, not to one group." He adds: "There are a lot of Jewish and Catholic and Negro entertainers whom I don't like—merely because I think they're bad entertainers. I am not interested in racial or religious distinctions: I simply ask how well they're qualified talent-wise." By a simple extension of this idea, he constantly asserts, in public art and private discourse, the world-wide unity of human beings and the similarity of their behaviour-patterns; and his crystalline sincerity and palpable decency save the truism from banality.

He is not, however, addicted to mere generalisation. He has a true humanist's care for the wholeness—the mental and physical health—of individuals. He is deeply interested in the theories and practice of psycho-analysis. "I *despise* that word 'normal'," he says—and often repeats, with the most earnest emphasis, a dictum of his friend Princess George of Greece, herself an analyst trained by Freud: "The normal man has yet to be found—*and, when found, cured.*"

It is not surprising, therefore, that in his youth Mr. Kaye wanted to be a doctor. He had little opportunity to acquire the formal education necessary for the realisation of this wish. Nor could he stomach routine office work: "I used to sleep late to escape looking for jobs." He was the first American-born child in a family of immigrants from Russia. He is still grateful both for the earthy wisdom and the tolerance of his father, a tailor (who did not have "that ambition of parents to ruin their children's lives" and so let him alone to work out his own destiny) and for the closer understanding of some European attitudes and traditions that this immediate ancestry gives him. Despite his own childhood ambition, he is not a *médécin manqué*. Nor is he the conventional Pagliacci-clown, the jester with immortal longings and a broken heart. "I have never wanted to play Hamlet," he assures wrong-track sympathisers. "I am *not* a tragic man. I have no deep grief."

If he is not despairingly schizoid, then, it might be thought that, in private as on the stage, he is volatile, highly strung, tense. This is equally incorrect. He is the antithesis of his stage self. The description that he gives of himself is this: "I am, in truth, very lazy. I am very languid." He reclines, munching, at ease, with few gestures: his face is pink, strong, equine. He sleeps—well, deeply, and without drugs—at least eight hours a

night, often ten. In a conversation lasting an hour, he gags or mimes only twice—once to convey the contrast between the demonstrativeness of an American baseball crowd and the satisfying reticence of the crowd that he had formed part of at the Oval that afternoon; once to recite the dialogue between himself and a reporter who had sought to probe his reactions to one particularly censorious review:—

REPORTER: Have you any statement to make about it?

KAYE (portentously): I have.

REPORTER (on the edge of his chair with excitement, pencil poised): You have! What is it?

KAYE (deadpan-smug): Every man has a right to his opinion.

REPORTER (subsiding): Oh.

It may be surmised, however, that—like his superbly polished craft, his timing as subtle, in its way, as Fonteyn's, his fingerwork almost as sinuous as Ram Gopal's—this inner tranquillity is the result of a conscious process, a prolonged exercise in self-examination and self-adjustment. He has learned to accept himself and even to like himself. "People become what they have to become," he says, "and not what they want to become." He *wanted* to be a doctor: he *has* to be an entertainer. Again: "You have to like yourself before you can like other people." This is not conceit or egotism: "It is the people who *dis*like themselves who are bumptious and aggressive and complex-ridden. . . ."

In one of his songs occur the lines:

I was not a born fool,
It took work to get this way . . .

Similarly, he was not born with the mature, the integrated, and—if the word does not seem inappropriately sanctimonious—the essentially *good* character that, at forty-two, radiates from the sparkling facets of his personality or looks out of eyes that now and then recall, in their lambent challenge and slightly fey compassion, those of Einstein. "It took work to get this way."

That childhood ambition has, indeed, remained with him, but reduced to its necessary proportion. Interest in healing is a sideline with him, though a sideline for which he cares intensely. He has helped substantially a foundation for research in arterio-sclerosis ("absolutely fascinating," he says); and the tender firmness with which he handles the children suffering from yaws in his U.N.I.C.E.F. film is that of a healer. He is neither frightened nor repelled by disease; and his interest in it, and in its cure, is no more morbid than a doctor's.

An extraordinary incident—without precedent, surely, in the history of the London Palladium—occurred in Mr. Kaye's dressing-room last Saturday night. It occurred shortly before ten o'clock—about ten minutes before he was due to appear in the second house. At such moments, most entertainers must be undisturbed; many of them are "bundles of nerves." Mr. Kaye had begun to put on his make-up.

Suddenly his door burst open. A man rushed in, crying, "Hey, Danny! Can you do anything for Louis? He's very bad." He dragged in a dancer, in stage costume, whose face was grey and agonised. He was suffering, he said, from a migraine-type headache.

"Sit down," said Mr. Kaye, standing behind a chair. "Rest your head against my body." He then went to work on the man's neck and face and scalp, in the manner of an osteopath. In perhaps three or four minutes the job was done: the man still looked unwell, but he said that the pain was gone. Mr. Kaye only remarked "Let me know a bit earlier next time"; went on making up; and was on stage on time.

The Arts and Entertainment

War and Peace

I AM glad to see that the Giraudoux play about the Trojan War, translated by Christopher Fry as *Tiger at the Gates*, and presented at the Apollo, has been given such an excellent press. This is certainly one of the most distinguished productions London has seen in the last few years. Mr. Michael Redgrave leads a long and distinguished cast, and himself gives a most profound and exciting performance. The music, interesting and always appropriate but never obtrusive, is by Mr. Lennox Berkeley. The *décor* is by Mr. Loudon Sainthill, who has disciplined his love of the lush and provided a simple but quite sufficiently evocative set which it must be interesting to act on. Finally, the production is in the hands of the distinguished American, Mr. Harold Clurman. And I wish I had enjoyed it all a little more.

I found it difficult to decide just why I didn't. I am a great admirer of Giraudoux's talent, and, usually, the more words in the theatre, the better for me, when they are provided by a stylist of his order. But somehow this play, which I had previously admired in reading, did not come alive for me on the stage. The subject is one that Giraudoux felt about passionately, but his feelings seem to be too near the pamphlet stage. It is brilliant pamphleteering, granted, but it remains pamphleteering, and history has a way of rendering the pamphlet obsolete. The whole point of a play of this kind is that a contemporary situation, by being put back into the past, is, so to speak, re-exposed to us. Seeing our situation afresh in another and simpler context, we are brought bump up against it with a new sense of shock. Giraudoux in this piece plays with the ideas we used to have about War, and how Wars come about, and it would have been dazzling enough only twenty years ago. But to the situation in which we find ourselves now, it all seemed surprisingly irrelevant. The parallels seemed always to misfire.

Nor does Giraudoux display so consistently here his usual invention and ability to shock us by surprise. Take, for instance, the ending. The scene has been set in Troy just after the rape of Helen and before the war has started. His Hector, a disillusioned fighter, has determined to prevent this threatened war, and is prepared to go to any lengths to achieve his ends. First he must persuade Paris to give up Helen, and then he must persuade Helen to be given up. That accomplished, Priam and the Trojan Senate prove an obstacle; they have invested a great deal of prestige in Helen's presence. Finally, when their reluctant acquiescence has been won, there is Ulysses, the ambassador from the Greeks, to be dealt with. Each of these tasks of persuasion, demanding, each of them, a different approach, is successfully accomplished. Ulysses, in a dramatic reversal, finally agrees to take Helen back, and then—well, then comes what seems to me only the most obvious of ends. Ulysses's colleague, the drunken Ajax, makes a pass at Hector's wife, and the pacifist Hector draws his sword. The Trojan War will, after all, take place.

Of course, there are wonderfully good passages all the way through, and there is one superb ironic scene. Ulysses has agreed to call off the war, but one of his conditions is that he must be able to assure the Greeks that he is bringing back Helen in exactly the same state of preservation as she was when she left. Helen and Paris are called in to give this assurance, and there they stand on one side of the stage, two lovely animals glowing all too obviously with the pleasures of the flesh. But they are still under Hector's moral domination, and, though against the grain, assent to the proposition that "nothing has happened." Ulysses cannot resist taunting Paris: So he's impotent, is he? He doesn't look it, of course. But there you are. One never knows, does one? Paris holds out against the insult—all that is needed, after all, is the diplomatic reassurance. But for the patriotic common people assembled on the other side it is too much to bear, to hear a Trojan prince derided as impotent. Two of the sailors who brought Paris and Helen over jump up and graphically refute the charge. Paris impotent indeed? And with a fine gusto they proceed to rehearse in vivid detail how, on that ship on that first night, the erotic rites of the lovers were celebrated. For a scene like this alone it is well worth putting up with passages that seem to drag.

Mr. Clurman has staged the play with a wholly admirable simplicity. It is always interesting to watch, and this is achieved without any unnecessary fuss. But the very stylisation of gesture and movement throws the whole onus on to the actors, and especially on to their voices, and they are not all up to it. The play needs half a dozen Michael Redgraves and it has only one. Mr. Redgrave is an actor of many resources, and they are all needed and all called into play in this long, exacting part. Mr. Redgrave can switch from passion to irony, from the intense to the sardonic, and is equally at home in all of these moods. But elsewhere the danger of monotony is always lurking, and too often when he is off the stage it comes out into the open. Miss Leueen MacGrath, Miss Barbara Jefford, Miss Catherine Lacey, Mr. John Laurie and Mr. Walter Fitzgerald are members of the cast who all contribute but are good enough somehow to have contributed more. Miss Diane Cilento and Mr. Leo Ciceri make a handsome pair of lovers, and Mr. Robert Shaw and Mr. Norman Rossington are splendid as the sailors.

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THE BODLEY HEAD

Artist as Young Dog

I KNEW Dylan Thomas only very slightly, but it so happens that my second most vivid memory of him—my *most* vivid memory is of his reading some of his poems—is of his standing by the bar in a pub near Broadcasting House and making an immensely long and enormously funny saga out of an incident that, for most people, would have had no "story in it" at all. The anecdote was about a wartime railway journey in the blackout, in a carriage crammed with large, grim, silent Canadian soldiers, and about Dylan's embarrassment in opening in front of them an untidy brown paper parcel full of sandwiches, finding that the sandwiches almost choked him under the Canadians' steady stares, and fumbling hopelessly to parcel the sandwiches up again. He made this stretch half an hour, getting funnier all the time. He held one's attention partly by mimicry (you *saw* the big, bovine Canadian eyes, the munching, choking little Dylan, the embarrassed flurry with the brown paper); partly by the old comedian's trick of making you "wait for it"; partly by the mere deadpan accuracy of the trained reporter, who subconsciously and automatically records any experience that may at any time provide "copy"; and partly by a gift the opposite of this accuracy, a wild, wilful, beautiful, buffoonish verbal exaggeration.

It is the highest tribute I can pay to Mr. Emlyn Williams's evening with the young Dylan Thomas at the Globe Theatre to say that, from now on, this memory of Thomas telling a funny story about himself will be overlaid and confused in my mind with a picture of Mr. Williams telling Thomas's sad and funny stories, mainly from *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog*, with a supple spontaneity, as if Mr. Williams himself were making the stories up as he went along.

Mr. Williams's performance is not a feat of physical impersonation. In his neat, nondescript blue suit, he doesn't look in the least *like* Thomas, who threw on any clothes that came handy in the morning and generally resembled (in the phrase of an American reporter which he relished and appropriated) "an unmade bed." Nor are the two voices similar, apart from having the "cut glass" quality of the Welsh voice, controlling its lilt, and consciously speaking "beautiful English." Mr. Williams's voice is light, high, and supple; Dylan Thomas's was low, wobbly, and rich. What Mr. Williams gets into the skin of is Thomas's spirit—or more precisely of his *persona*, the mask the splendid poet hid behind, the comedian at the bar. Thomas's semi-autobiographical stories and his fragment of a farcical-fantastic novel, *Adventures in the Skin Trade*, are lightweight things. He wrote them as he might have talked them; to me, at least, they come over more effectively as talked by Mr. Williams, than on the printed page. They are (as in a sense many of Thomas's poems were also) scripts for the speaking voice. They look like the most reckless off-the-cuff improvisation, but are in fact as taut and timed as a good music-hall sketch.

Mr. Williams has had to cut very little; from a mood, to a scene, to an incident, from a character in outline to a character in action, from one small climax of humour or pathos to the next one, the stories move on firmly, never missing a trick. Jokes that seemed on the page too flat and broad, sentiment that seemed to be "getting at you"—as in the story of the Welsh youth haunted on his holiday by his dead brother and father—are just right for the different medium (that needs a broader brush, and a less finicky fastidiousness) of the dramatically spoken word. For Mr. Williams acts these stories as well as tells them; with a single chair for prop, he becomes in turn the great, fat uncle with the gravy-stained waistcoat, the tiny aunt standing on the chair to hit the uncle on the head with a china dog. Mr. Williams lost his grip on me only when he read, stagily, two poems, *The Hand* and *And Death Shall Have No Dominion*. One remembered Dylan Thomas's own voice reading poetry—the gong booming over the sea of treacle. One remembered the truth (the serious and impersonal poet, dead too young), so much larger and sadder than the legend perpetuated here. Yet the legend was part of the truth and was worth perpetuating, and, if Mr. Williams has the success he deserves, he should diffuse the legend widely: the card, the young dog, the wide boy from Swansea with a bottle on his finger, the brilliant minor writer of excellent comic tales.

G. S. FRASER

[A letter from Mrs. Dylan Thomas appears in our Correspondence columns.]

Kinds of Intimacy

So long as we have only a single television service of rather less than forty hours' output a week as compared with the two-hundred-and-thirty of sound broadcasting, a good many of us must obviously be grateful for small or, at any rate, severely rationed mercies. For there is not one public only or even the three of the old high-, low- and middlebrow classification, but many, as many indeed as there are human interests and appetites, and most of us, of course, belong to several at once. Yet it is plain that in the present state of television some publics do very much better than others. For those interested in animals, for example, the TV screen has become a positive Whipsnade; we are always in Africa nowadays, we think nothing of flushing prides of lions with Mr. and Mrs. Denis, and giraffes are commonplace. For more sophisticated tastes badger-cubs frisk about their setts under artificial light in remarkable films, woodpeckers tap out their mysterious Morse, and every known specimen of water bird parades before the cameras. It is notorious that, through television, we are all archaeologists; we have all become fight-fans; we have all become connoisseurs of swimming, diving and aquatic sports generally. Those of us, however, who are interested in the contemporary arts, in new books, for instance, come poorly off, and those interested in music not much better.

That is why last week's television was noteworthy: we had no less than an hour and a quarter's music, quite apart from a Gilbert and Sullivan concert—Mr. Clifford Curzon for half an hour and the second part of the B.B.C. Symphony Concert, with Sr. Claudio Arrau, from the Royal Festival Hall. Now I am aware that one does not need to see music being played in order to enjoy it. Nevertheless, there are times, it seems to me, when to see is to enjoy still more, and I suspect that this is so when it is the great executants one is hearing. Mr. Curzon was alone in the studio: our view was an intimate one. Sr. Arrau was on the platform of the Royal Festival Hall with full orchestra. In both cases the television viewer was highly privileged, for he was seeing the artist in as close a scrutiny, almost, as if he were leaning over the piano or watching the player over his shoulder. Surely this is privilege beyond anything the concert-goer himself enjoys.

It is, I fancy, a constant temptation for any television service to over-value spectacle, to think in terms of pageantry and exoticism—coronations and lolloping giraffes. These may have an intrinsic interest, but very often they represent merely an easy way of filling out programme time. For what one is always looking for is the personal, the idiosyncratic, the exploitation of the intimacy that belongs to television especially. We had this last week, too, with Mr. Priestley's programme, the first of a series of six which he has called *You Know What People Are*. This I found extremely stimulating, though I think it promises rather more for future programmes than was quite achieved in this first one. How describe it? There was Mr. Priestley talking, with a company of four actors and actresses to illustrate his remarks. He was talking about people, about types. The programme was something between charade and intimate revue. There were very few props; it was all engagingly casual. What Mr. Priestley was after, it seems to me, was the television equivalent of the essay, the essay translated into visual terms. My own feeling was that half an hour was perhaps ten minutes too long for the form he was attempting and that each of the sketches illustrating his text could have been slightly shorter. But it was a most interesting experiment, and one capable of almost endless adaptation. It seems very likely that Mr. Priestley has opened up a new vein for television.

Intimacy of another kind we had in another opening programme of a new series, Mr. Bernard Braden's *Bath-Night with Braden*. Mr. Braden is the latest of a long file of sound-radio comics to attempt the conquest of television: he seems likely to succeed beyond all the others except Mr. Askey. Mr. Braden, too, is casual: his show wore an air, very effectively, of calculated improvisation. What bound it together the whole time was Mr. Braden himself. In a sense, he *is* the show; the other artists are his stooges. Nonsense is his line, a sort of domesticated Groucho-Marxism; I found it agreeable, and I thought Mr. Braden's exit speech quite triumphant.

Both these programmes, Mr. Priestley's and Mr. Braden's, depend on the sense of intimacy struck up between their principal performers and ourselves watching. But there is another kind of intimacy television exploits, one which I can only call the intimacy of the key-hole. The best of the regular key-hole programmes on TV is *Asian Club*, which is primarily a programme of the B.B.C.'s Far Eastern Service. Eastern students in London meet monthly to talk with and question a distinguished guest, so that for a great part of the time the television audience is engaged in watching another audience. And delightful it is to watch, so vivacious, so mobile in facial expression, so uninhibited in reaction, so quick and lively, in a word, so utterly unlike an Anglo-Saxon audience. At the same time, having watched it for a year, I am bound to think now that it could give us much more than in fact it does. Last week the guest was Professor Renier and the subject, reasonably enough, *The English, Are They Human?* a subject full of pitfalls in the way of humour and whimsy, none of which were avoided. It was all rather too easy. One would now like to see and hear the extremely intelligent members of *Asian Club* discussing something more serious than usually falls to their lot. Everyone has become too polite, too much infected with the fatal English sense of humour.

WILLIAM SALTER

Love Off the Conveyor Belt

"Marty," at the Odeon

"Assignment Children," at the Plaza

The Bronx on a Saturday night: the shirt-sleeved crowd, the elevator, the restlessness in bars, the hunters of side-walk and dance-floor—and Marty, 35-year-old plump Italianate butcher. Never, on the fringe of the love prowl, was butcher tenderer. He is ungainly, worried; people tell him he should get married, but there, he has a mother and can flourish a sheep's heart but not his own. He would, with a sigh, stifle everything, read the paper, link listnessness with his pal; when chance leads him to pick up with a "dog"—a girl not up to huntsmen's requirements—a schoolteacher snubbed in the Stardust Ballroom; and their wooing is as touching a tale in the vernacular as will be met with.

After months and years of Love as Hollywood feels it should be—in neons—*Marty* captures at once. Long before the flash point we have accepted Marty, man and film; the intimacy of the "little" cinema has triumphed over the big; live talk, fresh faces, new script-writing and direction make themselves felt. The people are real. That wouldn't be enough in itself. But the writer, Paddy Chayevsky, has the gift of loving them ironically, of seizing their commonplaceness and playing tunes on it. The dialogue of *Marty* is quite the most natural and the most telling I have heard in a cinema for a very long time; its

langours are those of the blues, and people speechify out of themselves, rounding off their remarks as they began, on the principle of Debussy's *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*. They repeat themselves, they repeat one another, they exchange trivialities, and then come back to their proper music; and that, in my experience, is how people talk. *Marty*, I should add, started life as a TV play, but it is the life that belongs impartially to studio, screen or stage, though I imagine the film, with close-ups and a fluid background, comes off best. The director, Delbert Mann, also from television, uses his camera sparingly but well; and the whole episode of the dance hall, with its clockwork couplings, its bored jazz, and its row of "stags" mimetically twitching and hoping to end up well, beautifully achieves the atmosphere from which Marty and his new-found girl will escape. They take to the street, the cubicle in the cheap restaurant, the bus-ride home. Marty executes a wild victory dance alone at the empty crossways. Next day he is subjected to the pressures of a mother who doesn't want to let go, of friends who think that he's letting them down. Not very much happens in *Marty*, except that he wavers and almost gives in, before dashing to the 'phone to make his overdue call. But our feeling is not that too little has been going on: quite the reverse. We are so engrossed that leaving off is a shock. Are our eighty minutes or so really up? This end, I may say, is perfectly right, if the timing is arbitrary.

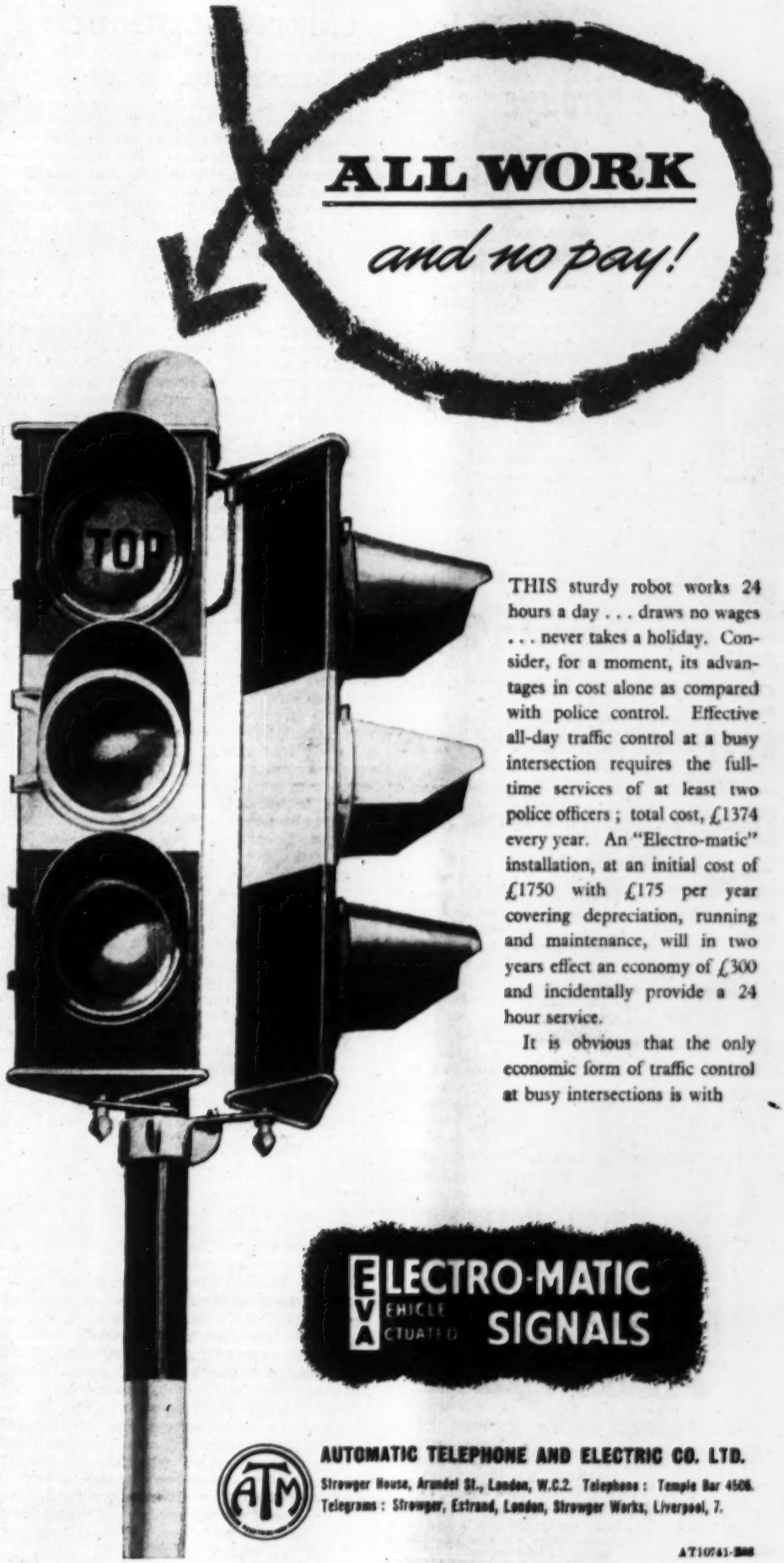
It's hard to disentangle the chief actors, Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair—and especially the first—from their parts: one remembers them as Marty and Clara, and that's as it should be. Nor does one forget the adhesive, sharp-eyed pal (Joe Montell) or the mother (Esther Minciotti) who sees the pitfall ahead but falls into it. Even the dance-hall crowd seem distinguished. Such is the effect of talent; and the cinema being what it is, one hardly knows whether to wish for more of Mr. Chayevsky and Mr. Mann or to hope that this is their single conjunction.

The seventeen-minute film at the Plaza brings together U.N.I.C.E.F. and Mr. Danny Kaye—or perhaps it should be the other way round. Putting over the United Nation's work among children in Asia, he ingratiates himself. "I'm a sucker for kids!" he exclaims, with a Peter-Pannish air that requires from us "Yes, and I'm a sucker for you, Danny!" Am I? Well, it's all in a good cause—none better.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Tempest," at the Open Air Theatre

With what seemed an early release of the sound track of *Moby Dick* in Stereophonic sound *The Tempest* marked a further round in Mr. Robert Atkins's dedicated task of presenting Londoners—whatever they might foolishly prefer—with open-air theatrical productions. The Park, as music critics with distressing familiarity might call it, is its remembered self; and in the disenchanted half-light of a cold June night the actors were hard-pressed to cast their spell over an audience made uneasily aware of nature. But with undiminished assurance Mr. Atkins and his company hurled themselves from the engulfing shrubbery in a lively and at times effective performance. Despite the inarticulated production and the flattened rhythms of the verse, they gathered to themselves a fair measure of success. All the bosky laurels were not superfluous, Mr. Atkins's Caliban must by now be familiar to all; it is not really a fearsome creation, more of a small boy, nice and rather lovable, overtaken by a fit of foot-stamping sulks; a sharp spanking, one feels, would settle *his* nonsense. But Mr. James Maxwell's Ariel is another matter. This is no airy, no, not even mischievous, sprite. The pocked and cringing creature haunts like the fearful ash-encrusted remnant of an atomic attack, a dreadful accusatory human remains. Mr. Robert Eddison makes of crabbed self-pitying Prospero just the kind of old stick who would have that kind of man about the house. Of the young lovers only Mr. Nicholas Amer cuts an ardent figure, but then Miss June Bailey's style is sadly encumbered by a costume resembling a maternity garment. M. C.



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Correspondence

LESSON FOR LABOUR

SIR,—Mr. Fox's analysis is interesting but much of it is fallacious. The Labour poll last month was 1½ million votes down on 1951, but the Tory vote was also down by about 3 per cent. There is no evidence of Labour voters changing sides, as Mr. Fox's first three statements seem to suggest. The Labour vote which produced the landslide of 1945 went up in 1950 and was still higher in 1951. The 1½ million votes that were "lost" this year were lost to apathy, not to the Tories.

In my opinion, there have been two main reasons for this apathy. Mr. Bevan dealt with one of them in a very sensible article in *Tribune* only a few days before the election, when he spoke of the electorate's spiritual exhaustion after sixteen years of listening to one kind of moral appeal after another. The fact is that people are much less interested in social justice, fair shares and plain ordinary decency than they used to be. And they are also a good deal less optimistic than in 1945. Is it any wonder? Indeed, it is pleasantly surprising that the sort of escapism that prefers to "invest in success," however shakily it might be based, and to forget all about the H-bomb, is not a lot more widespread than the election results have shown.

The second cause of apathy was the Labour Party's failure to realise how much harder it would have to fight in order to succeed in stirring the country's conscience. It is perfect nonsense to believe that the "Welfare State" legislation of 1945-1950 tackled the whole problem of stupidity, injustice and sheer downright cruelty in this country. But far too many people do believe this, and a lot of them still call themselves Socialists. Because the Labour Party has itself been suffering from spiritual exhaustion it has inevitably played down its moral appeal at a time when it should have played it fortissimo. But Labour might still have won if it had not made the fatal mistake of not having a distinctive policy, of not even bothering to produce a programme until the end of April. The pathetic lateness of *Forward with Labour* would not have been so important, if the voters had been made to understand ever since 1951 that there really was a difference between the two parties.

I suspect from the way he talks about the Labour Party's lunatic fringe that Mr. Fox falls into the favourite trap of so many prognosticators on the maladies of British Socialism—believing that the voters want both parties to offer the same policy. Mr. Fox exaggerates, too, when he talks about Labour's "rapid and bitter alienation of the middle class." In 1945, the heyday of the middle-class social conscience, only 2.2 million of the total middle-class electorate of over 10 million voted Labour. In 1951, after six years of a social revolution of which the non-business middle class could reasonably consider themselves the chief victims, this figure had fallen to 1.9 million. This very small decline meant that nearly the whole of the increase in the Tory middle-class vote had to come from those who stayed at home in 1945; they were now mobilised with enviable skill by Lord Woolton. But it was their increased working-class vote which won both the last elections for the Tories. It went up, in 1951, to over 6 million. If Labour had lost all its middle-class supporters and won over only half the Tory working class, it would have gained more than a million votes.

As every Labour canvasser knows, it is the poorest section of the working class that produces the largest number of Tory votes. This is a tremendous problem of education, which certainly cannot be tackled without a vastly improved organisation. Mr. Fox makes much play with the suggestion that the better-paid working class have become increasingly affected with a middle-class outlook. This has been happening, but Mr. Fox exaggerates its importance if he thinks that it inevitably turns them into Tories. It might begin to, but it is up to Labour to arrest the development, by offering an attractive alternative. Much of it is already available (as you rightly point out) in *Forward with Labour*.

WILL CAMP

27 Grantley Close,
Shalford, Surrey.

SIR,—Mr. Fox says that voters are not favourably disposed to nationalisation. This is hardly to be wondered at as the national press, with monotonous but effective regularity, reiterates that it is a miserable failure while few, if any, of our leaders, point out its manifest advantages.

With all its faults, public ownership works and works better than private enterprise, whether it be in collecting refuse, lending books, digging coal or even winning wars. If the price to the consumer of the privately owned goods and services in this country had risen as little as those which are publicly owned then life would be much easier for us all—middle and lower classes alike. Even if we were to pay public servants a proper wage the difference would still be spectacular.

Is it not time that the Labour Party stopped running away from nationalisation and began to explain its advantages to the electorate in simple terms? All we have to do is to point out that if the cost of a ride on the publicly owned bus had risen as much as that of buckets or blankets it would be about twice what it is now. Alternatively, the price of a small car, if it had risen as little as electricity, would be about a third of what it is. Perhaps one of your readers could tell us what television sets would cost if we took over the industry and reduced the present 125 types of set to about eight or nine.

Mr. Fox seems to think that we can have a Socialist policy without public ownership. May I remind him that the dictionaries define Socialism as public ownership or ownership by the community. Members of the Labour Party who think as he does may call themselves flat earthers if they wish but they must not call themselves Socialists.

JOHN DILWORTH

30 The Crescent, S.W.19.

LABOUR'S COLONIAL POLICY

SIR,—Shortly before the election you published an article asserting "a real division" over colonial policy between Conservative and Labour. Being among those who suspect that the Labour Party's bankruptcy in long-range and fundamental policy has been, over the past half-dozen years or so, an especially demoralising factor and a cause of electoral defeat—perhaps *the* cause—I should like to examine your argument further. Great differences in attitude: of course these exist, and always have. But *policy*: can we really find any present policy differences which show "a real division"?

India? West Africa? Wise Labour concessions: but not, surely, part of any consistent *policy* of "de-imperialism"? However that may be, the Labour Party has otherwise rested on its laurels, most disastrously, perhaps, in Malaya, but also in East and in Central Africa. In the latter cases, indeed, the Labour Party has done next to nothing during any of its terms of office, which turned significantly away from what Conservatives proposed or had done before. Indeed, the Labour Party has actually retreated from Conservative colonial doctrine.

Didn't the Devonshire White Paper of 1923—no Labour government in Britain then—declare that:

> primarily Kenya is an African territory, and H.M.G. think it necessary definitely to record their considered opinion that the interests of the African natives must be paramount, and that if and when those interests and the interests of the immigrant races should conflict, the former should prevail.

These fine words never really influenced Conservative policy. Yet it was a Labour Government after 1945 which dethroned this "policy of paramountcy of the majority" in favour of a "policy of partnership" which, as we all know, confirms the settlers and the foreign-owned companies in the substance of their domination, and is, of course, fully acceptable to the Conservatives.

Trade Unions? Certainly, a difference in attitude and emphasis; scarcely of effective policy. True, it was the Labour Ministers in 1942 who insisted that colonial welfare funds should go only to territories where trade unions were or would be permitted. Some trade unions were formed after 1944; here and there with great success. Yet the Trades Disputes Act (1927) was still in force in the Gold Coast, for example, after six years of Labour government in Britain; and the record of colonial trade union

advisers through those years was almost always one of conservative timidity and employers' convenience. No "real division" there.

The truth, I suggest, is that there is no real division over colonial policy now. But there is urgent need for one. In the colonial tornado that is blowing and brewing today we are no longer faced with the smug and easy Victorian alternatives of an utterly selfish Toryism or a charitably paternal Liberalism. Our choice now is between desperately fighting and manœuvring for the substance of the *status quo*, or else embarking on a bold new path which promises something better. It's no longer a matter of "sticking to the empire" for our own general good, while handing out a little conscience money to those poor colonials. It's a matter of shedding imperialism before imperialism drags us down in its own ruins. We are at the beginning of a period of Conservative government. Let us hope it is short. For my part, though, I hope it is not so short that we cannot at last get some clarity on the basic requirements of Labour policy; and, among these, not least of colonial policy.

BASIL DAVIDSON

7 Woodlands Road, S.W.13.

ELEVEN PLUS

SIR,—As a parent and as a headmaster of a Secondary Modern school, I have a double concern with the theme of "Eleven Plus-Part One" and I do consider that the emotional and social significance of this pernicious aspect of our educational system is increasing.

My son was successful in this examination in 1950 and showed little beyond some pre-examination anxiety. My daughter successfully took the examination this year and in spite of the fact that her school record practically assured success and the subject was not given undue importance at home, the emotional attitude engendered by her classmates and their parents caused me great concern.

On the day of the examination she was somewhat upset because she did not have "Good Luck" cards like the rest of her class; an omission due to the ignorance of her parents of local custom. (What a subject here for a satirist's pen; the dawning appreciation of commercial enterprise of another card season of great emotional significance!) In this area successful candidates are notified by post and the fateful day is known to all. My daughter woke at 6 a.m. and tearfully proclaimed her fear of the non-arrival of the postman. Her accounts of the conversations and attitudes of her classmates told me that her attitude was far from abnormal and the difference between her attitude and that of her brother was not merely due to sex difference.

No doubt some of the personal mental ill-effects are lessened for the "chosen few," but in my work in another area I have a close contact with the "failures" and their parents and there is no doubt in their minds about "failure." What follows will remove any doubts they could possibly have.

The year after they begin at my school, they are given another chance as over-age candidates, and all the keen parents insist that they take it. In the whole area there is success for a mere handful.

Next year comes the last chance when they are examined for transfer to Grammar, Technical or Commercial School. Incidentally, the rest of the school is given two days' holiday while the teachers supervise the examination and mark the papers. The small fraction of the age group which is successful in the examination is further reduced by interviews and aptitude tests at the various schools.

What confidence can the remaining 70-80 per cent. of the age group have in themselves and what respect for the system? The most skilful and sincere teacher can hardly be expected to restore self confidence and respect to such a large proportion of the population, in face of repeated "scientific" examination and the pronouncement of high authority.

Teachers on the whole, especially in Primary and Secondary Modern Schools, mildly deplore the system, though a surprisingly large number accept it as ordained. They may, of course, feel that their own children stand a very good chance of success under the system, and after all they are employed by the authority which issues the decrees. Are the officers and advisers of the Ministry of Education and Local Education Authorities really aware of what they are doing to such a great number of the population? Or is this question naive?

F. L. KELLY

30 Cambridge Road,
Seven Kings, Essex.

FOOTPLATE WAGES

SIR,—Why is there so little mention of the real basis of the present railway strike? A.S.L.E.F.'s public relations are bad, but the Prime Minister is being allowed to get away with the suggestions that the causes of the struggle are A.S.L.E.F.'s stubborn fight for a differential, and a stern struggle for supremacy between the two unions. Surely the facts are that A.S.L.E.F. (and the N.U.R.) are engaged in the very early stages of a long battle regarding the status, the wage rates and the working conditions of their members, that stems from the reorganisation plan. The end of the steam loco will reduce the number of footplate men: the fireman's job is ended and there is already dispute on the need for two men in the cabs of express electric trains. Engine cleaners as such will largely be redundant, the important man in the loco sheds will be the electrical maintenance man, whose wage rate may well be higher than that of the shunting loco driver, or the base rate of the long-distance driver.

The members of A.S.L.E.F. face a complete revolution in their work, some redundancy, and the chance that promotion hopes may be frustrated for some, even if better in the long run for others. So A.S.L.E.F. may be expected to refuse proposals that do not benefit the grades most likely to be affected by the reorganisation. The situation cannot be met by dodging the main issue. A.S.L.E.F. must be offered a reasonable compromise, and both unions must be told at once that reorganisation means regrading, and that a series of conferences should be held to work over the whole future of railway employment and to draw up proper schemes for the transition period and for the future when the reorganisation is complete. The men must know their prospects on a long-term basis subject only to cost-of-living fluctuations.

ANDREW CAMPBELL

56 Belsize Park, N.W.3.

SIR,—In referring, in your issue of May 28, to the offer of additional payments for footplate staff made by the Commission on May 16, it is stated that "firemen would not get any increase at all." This is correct so far as concerns the Commission's offer of extra allowances according to the type of train worked; in the case of the proposed additional mileage payments, however, the latter proposals definitely embraced firemen and assistant motormen. Additional weekly payments for mileage might be earned by firemen and assistant motormen up to a maximum of 6*s*. 10½*d*. a week.

J. H. BREBNER,
Public Relations Adviser

British Transport Commission.

[This is correct; but the new mileage payments offered did not apply to shunting work or turns of duty involving distances under 90 miles.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

DYLAN THOMAS AND EMLYN WILLIAMS

SIR,—Mr. Emlyn Williams in his one-man "portrait" of my husband at the Globe Theatre has made a legend: a very credible and creditable legend, and I am very grateful myself that it bears only a very remote approximation to the truth.

He has deliberately emphasised a certain side, and certain aspects, the less worthy ones I should say, of Dylan's character; and almost omitted the dwarfing shadow (dwarfing to Mr. Williams himself, could it be?) of poetry. On the two occasions when he did introduce two of the most theatrical poems, and he can't be blamed for that, the reaction in the theatre was a sudden galvanisation of attention far more intense than the kindly amused response given to his charming, whimsical, sentimental reminiscences with no bite in them; and how can anybody be a poet without a bite? (If the total charm of Dylan Thomas and Emlyn Williams were rashly mixed together in a giant mixing bowl, what a wonderful sugar cake that would be! But then, of course, the Welsh do have a pronounced tendency to drip. . . .)

With Mr. Williams's great skill and craft, and it is always a pleasure to watch an actor who knows his job so well that he can take liberties with it; and above all his split artist's sense of timing, he has the blessed sense when to pause, and how long, he has a created a most diverting entertainment; it scarcely palled more than was momentarily unavoidable in a concentrated one-man show; and I am very bad at literary endurance tests; it was witty: he extracted from each and every line the maximum effect, and had the words not spoken for themselves he was prepared to speak for them; even moving at times; though for my austere tastes he laid it on with a tablespoon too profusely, and, if it is permissible to criticise a professional of his stature, his gestures at times were just a blush embarrassing: those fluttering arms, and that bouncing never quite came off; though perhaps my puritanical training is to blame; and as an entertainment: A very pretty comedy piece, with a serious undertone kept well down.

The balance between the personality of the interpreter and the character interpreted has always been a difficult one, but in this case there was not much doubt left in the mind as to which personality had triumphed. I salute Mr. Williams for his courage.

CAITLIN THOMAS

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Elizabeth and Cecil

GREAT partnerships are rare in politics, and the few that have lasted are justly famous. There was Ferdinand and Isabella, there was Gustavus and Oxenstjerna, and—most lasting of all—there was Elizabeth and Cecil. For forty consecutive years that alliance governed England, making the most splendid reign in our history; and the alliance was ten years older than the government. In 1548, when Elizabeth was a fourteen-year-old princess, she had singled out William Cecil as the one honest man whom she could trust and had written to him as "your friend." Fifty years later, when he lay dying, she brought him chicken-broth made with her own hands and afterwards, hardened actress though she was, wept in council when his name was mentioned. In a time of ideological convulsions, diplomatic somersaults, treacheries, conspiracies and *coups d'état*, they remained constant in their mutual dependence. Meanwhile the Catholic sovereigns of France, Spain and Scotland had all disembarrassed themselves of their counsellors by treachery and murder. Judged as an employer alone, the record of Queen Elizabeth was indeed extraordinary.

What was the secret of this long, unbroken partnership? At first sight the differences between Elizabeth and Cecil seem more obvious than the similarities. Cecil was a man of exact habits, firm convictions, puritan severity. How carefully he husbanded the royal revenues! How strictly he accounted for every detail of his many duties! How censoriously he frowned upon the lavish gaiety, the cynicism, the recklessness of that most magnificent of European courts! Conservative in everything, he believed in a jealously preserved hierarchy, its social distinctions guarded by sumptuary laws, entails and medieval regulation of labour. And how he worried over the future, and the Protestant succession, those great problems to which his mistress was, alas, so painfully indifferent!

For Elizabeth, it was only too clear, was very differently constructed. She was niggardly indeed, but that was not because she had an accountant's mind. There was no economy in her wardrobe, no sumptuary laws in her court. Not for her a rigid society. She would have order, "degree," majesty—yes: but in her immediate entourage there must always be movement, animation, jostling crowds. She had little doctrinal interest, little political forethought. The Protestant succession, which obsessed her subjects, hardly troubled her. She uttered magnificent phrases about it: "I hope I shall die in quiet with *Nunc Dimittis*, which cannot be without I see some glimpse of your following surety after my graved bones"; but the unspoken phrase was always the same: *après moi le déluge*.

The unconcerned can afford to be liberal, and seen from our safe distance, Elizabeth's regal tolerance is often more attractive than the prudent severity of her minister. To protect Protestantism at home, Cecil would make fires in his neighbours' houses: he would sustain Scottish, French and Dutch rebels against Catholic rulers—a policy which Elizabeth was reluctant to follow. And then there was that unfortunate adventuress, Mary Queen of Scots. To Cecil Mary was "that dangerous traitress and pestilence of Christendom": Elizabeth, holding out alone, for fifteen years, against her subjects' clamour for Mary's blood, must always seem the nobler character. And how unusual, in her age, was her refusal to persecute for religion only! In vain Cecil protested that "the papists' humours, by the Queen's Majesty's levity, grow too rank"; it was no good: the Queen would not, in her own majestic phrase, "make windows into men's souls." But the fact remains that Cecil was always thinking, and thinking seriously, of the English people: Elizabeth was not. She looked no further than her own life. Rather than take out an insurance-policy for her subjects (that, she said, was to contemplate her own winding-sheet), she speculated irresponsibly on her survival. Miraculously, she survived; but had she perished with Mary living, then indeed our history would have been different and Mr. A. L. Rowse and his followers would be singing today a very different tune.

How was it then that between these different characters so long an alliance was built up? How was it that Cecil was able to control his imperious but flighty mistress, and make of her, as he did, the conciliator of the classes, the head of European Protestantism, the idol of later generations? It was done in the first decade of their joint reign, the decade covered by Professor Conyers Read's new and scholarly book*, the period between their joint accession to power and the most formidable attempt to separate them: the rebellion of the Northern Earls and the palace conspiracy of 1569. It was in those years that Cecil achieved his mastery over Elizabeth. But the origin and basis of the alliance lay, I think, further back, in the reign of Edward VI, that brief but portentous reign in which English Protestantism and the great Elizabethan statesmen who established it were formed.

For the Elizabethans—Elizabeth herself and all her first advisers—were (it is too often forgotten) a party: a political, an intellectual, even a revolutionary party; and all their personal differences were slight compared with the great bond which united them. All were intellectuals, all Protestants: for indeed how could any intellectual fail to be a Protestant in the 1550s, when Protestantism still wore the liberalism of the Reformers and Rome had surrendered to abject monkish reaction? Some of them were more sceptical, or more serious, or more doctrinally minded than others, but Protestantism was the essential intellectual cement which united that *avant-garde* of scholarly radicals. There was Catherine Parr, the last wife of Henry VIII, that erudite Hellenist queen who so zealously supervised the education of her precocious step-children and whose devotional writings were edited by Cecil. There were the Dudleys, that learned family, and Lady Jane Grey, whom a tragic royalty overtook when she was reading the *Phædo* in Greek. There was the blue-stocking Cooke sisterhood, who made brothers-in-law of Cecil, Sir Nicholas Bacon and Sir Thomas Hoby. There were the professors John Cheke (Cecil's other brother-in-law), Roger Ascham and Sir Thomas Smith. Cecil himself was a scholar. He carried Tully's *Offices* "either in his bosom or his pocket" to his dying day, and in the crisis of that reign, when faced by prison or flight, resolved his doubts by reading Plato's *Crito*. And in the midst of this severely cultivated *côterie* sat the young King, reading Aristotle and Thucydides and that famous work of liberal devotion, *The Benefit of Christ*, and the young Princess, reading Sophocles and Cyprian and her stepmother's edition of Erasmus; and around them their learned Protestant clergy—Cranmer, Parker, Coxe—chaplains, tutors and confessors to this incredibly sophisticated court.

Such was the little ruling world which the death of Edward VI and the disastrous accession of Mary suddenly broke up. At once all were scattered. Some fled to the Continent, some hid privately at home, others were dragged to the block and the stake; and in their stead there ruled, for five years, a starched and stuffy court of antiquated reactionaries. But the scattered remnant did not despair. For five years they waited, still a party, always in touch, sustaining their hopes, formulating their plans, in secrecy and danger. Elizabeth at Hatfield, as heir to the throne, was the centre of their hopes, and it was then that she learnt the perils of a designated successor. "I stood in danger of my life," she afterwards said, "my sister was so incensed against me. I did differ from her in religion, and I was sought for divers ways; and so shall never be my successor." Cecil, still her adviser, prudently conformed; but he made himself, in Parliament, the champion of the Protestant refugees, and he kept, in his private diary, a careful record of the Smithfield fires. Then, suddenly again, with the death of Mary, all was reversed. "O Lord, Almighty and Everlasting God," Elizabeth prayed in her exultation,

> I give Thee most hearty thanks that Thou hast been so merciful unto me to spare me to behold this joyful day. And I acknowledge that Thou hast dealt as wonderfully and as mercifully with me as Thou didst with Thy true and faithful servant Daniel, Thy prophet, whom Thou deliveredst out of the den of the greedy and raging lions.

At once the old Edwardian party reunited around her. The refugees poured back from abroad, the timid emerged from their obscurity. "There is not a heretic or a traitor in the country," wrote the Spanish ambassador sourly, "who has not started, as from the grave, to seek the new Queen with expressions of delight." And the Queen sent for Cecil, that her secretary, from the secretary of her party, might be her secretary of state. "This judgment I have of you," she told him, "that you will not be corrupted by any manner of gift, and that you will be faithful to the state, and that without respect of my private you will give me that counsel which you think best."

Thus the alliance of Elizabeth and Cecil had

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* *Mr. Secretary Cecil and Queen Elizabeth.* By CONYERS READ. *Cape.* 40*s.*

already been cemented long before it was tested in action. It was the alliance of a revolutionary party, tried by failure and eclipse, and now suddenly faced with a second prospect of power. Parrs and Dudleys, Cookes and Bacons, Smiths, Hobys and the rest all came back in 1558, a united front determined this time not to fail. There were differences, of course: power always reveals differences which opposition has concealed. Some of the returned *émigrés*, like the Duchess of Suffolk, that formidable patroness, found Cecil's Protestantism too tepid; others, like the Queen and her irresponsible favourite, Robert Dudley, found it sometimes too hot. And then what bewildering political problems must face any intellectual group of "Souls" which suddenly finds itself a revolutionary government! No wonder, in those days of Machiavellian diplomacy and vertiginous royal nuptial flights, if differences arose between the Queen and Cecil—if, in Professor Read's words, "there were times when even Cecil must have felt a strong urge to wring the lady's neck?" But in the end the Queen, who after all, like her father, knew a good servant, was guided by him as by no one else. To her, as to his Protestant critics, he was indispensable; for who (wrote one of them) "can as well stand fast against the Queen's arguments and doubtful devices? Who will speedily resolve the doubtful delays? Who shall make despatch of anything?" So, in the great crisis 1569, she stood by him. The Edwardian reformers, in council and church and parliament, remained solid to the end; so solid that historians sometimes forget how revolutionary a group they had been. It should not be forgotten. The English Protestant revolution was still a revolution, even if, unlike later revolutions, it did not devour its own children.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

The Burial Party

Because the man is sick they say he'll die,
And make arrangements for the funeral.
They morbidly depict his malady
And offer him no medicine at all;
But measure him a coffin who is scarcely
Confined to bed yet.

Admit the human agony is real;
Admit the nuclear winds; admit the tall
Neuroses governing us; all, all reveal,
And keep the blinkered horses in the stall.
But still believe a passionate towering word
Remains unsaid yet.

We must, like lovers, learn that darkness is
No season of despair, no fearful thing,
But an opportunity we take or miss,
And taking it we make the rafters ring.
Creation is our creed, and we have scope
Within the blood yet.

Doom is a theme for the cloistered who believe
That spring is a mirage, an optical illusion.
They in a four-walled winter sit and grieve
For cuckoo and dancing fool. Theirs, the confusion.
April denies December. The condemned tree will
Break into bud yet.

Our world's in shadow. We can, if we will,
Find consolation there. For shadows teach
A noble stature; little lives grow tall
And overthrow the darkness with their reach.
Let those who wish attend our burial.
We are not dead yet.

PETER APPLETON

Two Graduates of the Calton Jail

James Maxton. By JOHN MCNAIR. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Conflict Without Malice. By EMANUEL SHINWELL. *Odhams.* 21*s.*

"Unless a Socialist leader has been in prison," Tom Mann once told Mr. Shinwell, "his education has been neglected." Both Mr. Shinwell and Mr. Maxton, who were born only a few months apart, graduated from Calton Jail, Shinwell getting five months for incitement to riot in 1919, and Maxton doing a year for sedition in 1916. Before that, they had been through the same hard school—deep poverty in Glasgow, the I.L.P. soapboxes at the street corners, the anti-war movement and the great strikes on the Clyde. Yet the contrast between the two men, whose careers ran parallel but often in conflict for so long, was already marked. Maxton always thought of himself as a revolutionary and he had courted his arrest; true to the tradition, he organised the prison warders into a union branch and even recruited some of them into the I.L.P. Shinwell, on the contrary, was much more representative of the masses of ordinary Clydeside workers that he led as chairman of the Glasgow Trades Council, and though he was well to the fore in the 1919 strikes, he went out of his way to insist that the Clyde movement was not—as Gallacher and other syndicalists sought to make it—the beginning of a revolution by direct action. Nothing shows more clearly the difference between the professional rebel and the career politician than the accounts given in these two books of their prison experiences, and their reactions to them.

The split that became final in 1931, when the I.L.P. cut itself off from the body of the Labour Party, had been there from the beginning: in the pioneering days, it had been glossed over, but from 1922, Maxton and Shinwell were trying to take their party in opposite directions. Maxton and his closest colleagues were apocalyptic fundamentalists, whose consciences permitted no compromise, and they led their dwindling band into the wilderness instead of the promised land. No one who reads Mr. McNair's moving book can fail to admire their sincerity or their courage, or to catch the after-glow of the Golden Age of Scottish Socialism that shines through the pages of this loyal biography. But it is too loyal. Mr. McNair spent most of the inter-war years in France, returning only in 1938 to become general secretary of the I.L.P. when it was little more than a sect. He makes an admirable *apologia pro vita*, but he scarcely asks why Maxton failed and his party disintegrated.

Mr. Shinwell is sure of the answer, putting it as a criticism that Mr. McNair neither mentions nor meets. Maxton's intellectual powers, Mr. Shinwell writes,

> were such that he could have reaped the greatest rewards of politics but for his indolence—a defect about which he was perfectly frank. . . . I have often seen Jimmy Maxton weep as he read some letter of appeal for help. His subsequent slow and haphazard effort to remedy the wrong belied the fervid resolve he felt.

But this is a superficial explanation. Lazier and less gifted men have risen to high office. Why should Mr. Shinwell, who has courage, and some ability as a speaker and administrator, have succeeded where Maxton failed? Mr. Shinwell gives a clue, oddly enough, in his comments on Jimmy Thomas, who had

> a keen and common-sense brain. He was a first-class negotiator, achieving his aim by temporising until next time. . . . Where negotiators from the other unions ran up against a brick wall because they refused to diverge from an ultimatum, Thomas would settle for an hour less when he asked for two. . . .

Ultimatums or negotiations? That choice was bound to face the I.L.P. once its members moved

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DARWEN FINLAYSON

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from the street-corner to the council chamber and to Parliament. In fact, ever since the Eighties, British Socialism has ben trying to face that dilemma in one form or another. Our movement has always had two distinct objectives, moral salvation and practical achievement, and it was bound to throw up leaders who stressed one at the expense of the other. That is what makes these two complementary books so fascinating: Maxton perfectly represents the moral absolutes of the rebel, Shinwell the self-satisfaction of the successful reformer. It is almost meaningless to ask which of them was right, because each asks to be measured by a different standard, and because no one can answer the unanswerable *if only* of history. Mr. McNair can sadly reflect on the contrast between the "wild men from the Clyde" who took the night train from St. Enoch's on November 20, 1922, and David Kirkwood as a peer of the realm, or Mr. Shinwell writing a eulogy of the general staff officer. But Mr. Shinwell has a reply, dreary though he makes it sound in his pedestrian memoirs. Maxton ended in pathetic though honourable futility: Shinwell survived to get a place in two Cabinets which, despite their defects and mistakes, gave Britain the best government and the most advanced legislation the country has known.

Today, the Labour Party still has to reconcile the two strains in its pedigree. It has to exist half-heretic, half-conformist, for without heresy inspiration dies and without discipline a party disintegrates. The lesson of these two books is the stupidity of the Labour leadership in driving the I.L.P. to the point where the romantic flamboyance of its leaders took the easy and fatal way out, to their own defeat and the weakening of the movement as a whole. Maxton's real failure was to choose the sham fight rather than the real one. He saved his own soul, and left power in the hands of men who lacked his vision. They built, not the New Jerusalem, but the Welfare State.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

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Macabre Stronghold

The Pleasures of Mexico. By MAURICE SANDOZ. *Rockliff: for Guildford Press.* 42*s.*

A Land Bewitched. By GUSTAV REGLER. *Putnam.* 21*s.*

Mexico is being established as one of the great strongholds of the lost Romantic cause. So many books are being written about it that one fears it may be overrun and its romance trampled beneath the feet of those who seek it. But it would be absurd to speak of Mexico as though it were Ischia or Ibiza: it has the size and variety to swallow armies of tourists without being dominated by them. Also its allure includes a strain of the dark and macabre, perhaps the most potent and durable element in Romanticism.

In that beautiful and graceful people, the Mexican Indians, we are meeting descendants of the men who created the most strangely warped civilisation of all history. Ruth Benedict has said that every culture expresses some short segment out of the full circle possible to humanity; even if we are too inclined to forget that the civilisation of the Aztecs was a late and decadent growth in Central America, it remains true that this culture of plucked-out hearts and stacked skulls went further as an expression of the darkest quarter of the human psyche than any other which has attained to civilisation. Of all European peoples, the Spaniards were the least likely to open these depths to the light.

So while on the surface in Mexico we have such Romantic properties as gorgeous flowers, huge butterflies and diminutive birds, guitars, wide hats and high-horses not yet riderless, underneath it all are those other Romantic attributes of cruelty and blood. Neither of the two books under review is of much merit, but they have some interest in that each deals wholeheartedly with one of these two aspects of Mexico: the pleasures of Maurice Sandoz, the Frenchman, belong to the surface, while the German, Gustav Regler, tries to expose what lies beneath.

The Pleasures of Mexico is a travel book, flimsy and full of holes as a paper doily, but quite agreeable reading. If he had kept to his descriptions of pleasant little scenes of man and nature I should not complain, but unhappily M. Sandoz discovered "an unsuspected archaeologist within." This character having lived so long unrecognised has inevitably escaped all schooling, and although he led the easy-going author through very many ruins and up the steep sides of many Mexican pyramids, the information he provided remains of the vaguest; it includes such fatuities as that a certain pyramid was built six thousand years before those of Egypt.

Perhaps only writers who have toiled to spread a knowledge of ancient history can understand the despair provoked by these evidences of their failure. An intelligent man, a good friend, who is supposed to have read all one's books with admiring attention, will suddenly remark "let's see, the beginning of agriculture, about fifty thousand years ago was it? . . . Or . . . (meeting a cold eye) five . . . or ten?" So those American archaeologists who have tried to popularise their subject have my sympathy when I find M. Sandoz dating Mexican pyramids well back into the Stone Age of the Old World, a date which would necessitate re-writing the entire pre- and ancient history of both hemispheres.

Although the two dozen paintings by Rolf Durig excellently reproduced in *The Pleasures of Mexico* make a suitably decorative accompaniment to M. Sandoz's "gay impressions," to me their brilliant vegetation and skies of scarlet and pink fail to evoke the frequently sombre landscapes of the country.

With *A Land Bewitched* we turn from pleasures to agonies. Gustav Regler is a disillusioned Utopian socialist who escaped from a French internment camp before the arrival of the Germans (presumably he was in France as an anti-Nazi refugee), and has now been farming in Mexico for many years. He, therefore, writes with much deeper knowledge than a butterfly traveller such as M. Sandoz. Yet his is a baffling book, seeming to advance crabwise towards a goal somewhere out of sight on the right-hand side of the picture. He intends, it seems, to seek the psychological causes of Mexican cruelty and carelessness of life, but his five chapters are too loosely related and ambiguous to achieve this purpose. They say something of the survival of the old gods, something of the nature of the Mexicans' pride and their fascination with death; and, in a chronicle of the worst horrors of the last five centuries, show Aztec and Christian, tyrant and rebel, rivalling one another in treachery, massacre, cruelty and assassination. One chapter (containing superb material for Graham Greene) is a story of two lovers who, starting as ruthless revolutionaries, come to hate one another as the woman grows bitter in her frustrated Utopianism and the man veers towards Christ and acceptance. This tale, allegedly a true one in which the author played a small part, may perhaps provide a clue to the destination of that crabwise progress.

Mexican violence, Mr. Regler suggests, could be due to the trauma of past sufferings. But as these sufferings are themselves in large part due to an innate violence, has he really explained anything? I think not, but this does not invalidate his hopeful conclusion. At last, he believes, Mexicans are emerging into the light: they have seen the State to be as evil as the tyrant and the violent revolutionary, and have established one essential of justice—the individual's right of appeal. There has been no major political assassination since Obregón was shot over twenty-five years ago. I hope that Mr. Regler is right, and that Mexico is exorcising an ancient bewitchment; there will be enough dark memories left to add savour to its romantic pleasures.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

Degrees of Precision

My Many-Coated Man. By LAURIE LEE. *Deutsch.* 6*s.*

Riding Lights. By NORMAN MACCAIG. *Hogarth Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Kite's Dinner. By SHEILA WINGFIELD. *Cresset.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Experiences and Places. By CLIFFORD DYMENT. *Dent.* 6*s.*

A Shot in the Park. By WILLIAM PLOMER. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Gold. By CHRISTINE BROOKE-ROSE. *Hand & Flower Press.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Sir Herbert Read recently suggested that one common quality which marks much of the best poetry of our age is a precision of visual imagery. He suggested also that what weakens much modern poetry is eclecticism. These two generalisations are useful to a reviewer confronted with half a dozen new volumes, of which not one is a masterpiece and not one, either, can be contemptuously dismissed at sight. The lines that one is tempted to quote, from a typical contemporary volume of verse, are accurate bits of observed detail—sensitive seeings of common things, in a way that makes them momentarily new. The failure that one feels—in oneself, perhaps, as much as in the poets—is of massive response. The typical good modern minor poet is humane, liberal, respectfully agnostic, patient of weakness, as one hopes one is oneself; he skirts around, as no doubt also one does oneself, the grand questions; his verses are full of happy or stimulating partial insights, but they do not renew one's whole grasp of the world. Our immediate contemporaries no longer desperately protest—as, say, *The Waste Land* did—against a "broken world," a loss of unity. The effort is more humble, allotments alongside the rubble, patches of tidiness amid the chaos. The last ten or fifteen years have been a period, in poetry, fostering the subtle small talent; something really ambitious, *The Anathemata* or *The Nightfishing*, takes us aback. Anything, for us, but "the grand style"!

Mr. Laurie Lee is a delightful poet who precisely knows his own limitations. He is a poet of fancy, whose great gift is for the rococo transformation of any everyday scene, for making reality dreamlike. A line like—

The green light floods the city square—

becomes for him, not a mere isolated *trouvaille*, but the point of departure for a metamorphosis of Trafalgar Square at dusk, say, into a drowned submarine landscape:

Submerged, the prawn-blue pigeons feed
In sandy grottoes round the Mall,
And crusted lobster-buses crawl
Among the fountains' silver weed. . . .

In a fine poem to Matthew Smith, similarly, the "hot" quality of Smith's colour becomes the centre of an extended metaphor. The colour is like molten metal, pouring out of a furnace, the painter's eye has melted down the world:

raked by your eye the paint has never cooled.

There is no explicit "view of life" in Mr. Lee's poetry other than the unargued hopefulness that springs, dumbly, from the habit of sensuous happiness:

While down the summer's seamless haze
Such feasts of milk and honey run

That lying with my orchid love,
Whose kiss no frost of age can sever,
I cannot doubt the cold is dead,
The gold earth turned to good—forever.

This "prettiness," though an unfashionable quality, seems to me a valuable one. Labour and skill have gone into these fantastic delicacies. There are poems here, of innocent vivid whimsicality, that one will go back to as one goes back, say, to Charles Cotton.

Mr. Norman MacCaig, a Scottish popet in his forties, began, like Mr. Lee, as a neo-imagist, but *Riding Lights* shows him developing from being a poet who merely "sees" into one who also "says." There are passages of pure "seeing"—a lizard in a loch:

The tiny monster, the alligator
A finger long, swam unhurried through the brown;
Each eye glittered under its heavy lid.

There are bits of pure "saying":

What's watching me? What tries to follow
Where I have gone, with love and pity?

There are more impressive passages where the two poles fuse, where the visual image implies the moral comment:

The hulk stranded in Scalpay bay,
Hung like a hall with seaweed, struck
Its long snout through my holiday.
It lay foundered on its own bad luck.

There come through in Mr. MacCaig's poems the better qualities of the Scottish character, seriousness and patience. He is unafraid of the honesty that looks obvious or the necessary complexity that looks clumsy. Set against Mr. Lee's graceful glancing rapidities Mr. MacCaig's poems often seem stiff; but they grow on one, and seem to express, also, a personality that is growing.

Miss Sheila Wingfield's *A Kite's Dinner* was, like Mr. Lee's volume, a choice of the Poetry Book Society. The long, ambitious *Beat Drum, Beat Heart* does not seem to me to justify its length; the feeling is true, but the handling of the matter not sufficiently supple and various; but there are four or five shorter poems—among them *Poisoned in Search of the Medicine of Immortality*, *Epiphany in a Country Church*, and *Lines for the Margin of an Old Gospel*—that deserve a permanent place in anthologies. They reflect a quality of mind that one might call Hardyesque—a wistful and stoical attitude towards traditional beliefs that is, somehow, more moving (and more within the skin of what it is talking about) than the slightly strained witness-bearing, against the current of the age, of many professedly Christian poets. Mr. Clifford Dyment shares with Miss Wingfield an acute sense of place and occasion, and perhaps a philosophy—he feels, he explains in his preface, "that the 'priest and murderer' is life itself, the law of nature being that life must slay life for life's sake." The most complex and beautiful poem in this volume, *The Carpenter*, finds a very rich metaphor for this idea—the beauty of the cut wood, of the carpenter's craft, the excitement of his workshop for a child's eyes, is set exactly against the beauty of the living tree: the carpenter's hands were

Expert as they decoded
Archives unlocked by the axe—
The pretty medullary rays
Once jammed with a traffic of food

To a watched and desired tree
That he marked and felled in the winter,
The tracks of tractors smashing
The ground where violets grew. . . .

I must be very brief about the last two volumes, merely recommending *A Shot in the Park* to all lovers of civilised light verse. I particularly enjoyed two poems which risk sentimentality, and achieve touchingness, *The Bungalows*, and *Bamboo*. The rhymes in *The Naiad of Ostend* are deliciously impudent. Miss Brooke-Rose's *Gold* is in a certain sense wrong-headed—it is an adaptation of the stanza and metrical devices of *The Pearl*, of the convention of the dream allegory, and of the terms of medieval alchemy to a modern and actual theme, Russian concentration camps—but it shows a scholarship and passion that ought to produce poetry of real interest when Miss Brooke-Rose decides to express herself more directly, and in a less archaic mode. Judgment, in the Augustan sense, is wanting here, but certainly not invention.

G. S. FRASER

A Highbrow's Success Story

John Free: from Bristol to Rome in the Fifteenth Century. By R. J. MITCHELL. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

Humanism remains mysterious because it is hard to see the men for the manuscripts. However much we try to share the enthusiasms of bygone scholars, it is difficult to recapture, through their Ciceronian hyperboles, the individual emotion which greeted the re-birth of classical learning. Miss Mitchell, however, who has had the good idea of introducing the modern reader to humanism by way of the biography of a single scholar, hardly recognises this difficulty, since she takes humanist values for granted. She disapproves, for example, of Borso d'Este, to whom "a well-bred falcon meant more than a newly discovered codex of classical times," without seeming to realise that it is not the sensual but the intellectual pleasures of Renaissance princes which are now so hard to appreciate.

But if once we accept the curious historical fact that a mastery of the new-found grammar and philology was a key to the worlds of fashion, wealth and power, then it is easy to understand the scholars' zeal for learning. It is perhaps less easy to accept without question the assumption that the careers of men like John Free were wholly devoted to the pursuit of truth. Free's progress, by way of the universities, from Bristol to Rome and the Pope's presentation to the see of Bath and Wells, is an inspiring intellectual's success story. But what sort of a mind? And what sort of a man?

Miss Mitchell is confident that she knows. She tells us that "the narrow discipline of the medieval course of study must have been irksome to his bold and inquiring mind," and that "to a sensitive scholar like John Free, Duke Humphrey must have seemed like the Angel Gabriel." Her evidence is scanty, since Free himself wrote little, and there are few anecdotes about him. Her mastery of university registers and inventories, however, enables her to make such statements as "apart from those who studied but did not proceed to a degree, there must have been very many who failed to stay the course"; and she justifies the minute nature of much of her incidental information by arguing that "it may seem unimportant to know how a medieval student's bed was made, but it is from such details that it is

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possible to reconstruct part of his daily life and to see him as a human being." This is fair enough, so far as it goes; but when Miss Mitchell comes to make more questionable generalisations, such as that, under the insecure system of patronage before printing, an author's "creative impulse must have been strong indeed to induce him to persevere," it is a pity that she has nothing to demonstrate that the statement can accurately be applied to John Free. In contrast to usual biographical procedure, Free's life is not used to illuminate his times, but accumulated evidence of his times is used to show what Free's life "must have been" like. The resources of scholarship have been ransacked; but it is still left to the imagination to re-create the humanist's character.

CHRISTOPHER BENNETT

New Novels

The Desperate Art. By JOHN ROSENBERG. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Young Törless. By ROBERT MUSIL. Translated by EITHNE WILKINS and ERNST KAISER. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Thirty Years. By JOHN P. MARQUAND. *Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Rosenberg is to be congratulated. He has not only attempted an incredibly difficult task—namely, to write a genuinely Gothic novel—but he has almost succeeded in pulling it off, seemingly at the first essay. His book is the most striking and bizarre piece of fiction that I have read for many months.

What are the constituents of a latter-day Gothic novel? Here we have Sir Edward Brooke, a proud and debt-ridden baronet of middle age, and his young world-weary son, Ion; Lady Margery, a romantic *jolie laide* of thirty-six, violently in love with Ion, and her indulgent father, the Duke of Donne; Clarissa, the girl Ion has treated faithlessly, and her devoted quasi-incestuous brother, Morley. The time is the Regency, the place Brooke Hall in Kent and, afterwards in London. The tragedy—a kind of Beddoesesque Dance of Death—plays itself out in the form of contrasting monologues, voiced by three of the characters: Morley, Margery and Sir Edward. Here, to sound the book's clangorous opening chord, is the baronet:

> I took off my night-shirt and, evenly folding it, put it across the pillow, pleased with my orderliness, and moved to the pier-glass to look at myself, I proper to look at unclothed, in cold, pale glass edged with silver chastely. A miser was I of myself: fearful wrong, so to hide, delight no good heart with me knowing; my clothes and I hid me; all hide me; this life's purpose—hiding myself.
>
> And hid, my heart, in debtors' prison tonight. Lord Deal. Extravagant fool, I. Regard, O the body demands it not.
>
> I dressed myself richly, to comfort myself.

Rain and death hang over Mr. Rosenberg's "contending ghosts." The atmosphere is that of Beddoes' dramas; Mr. Rosenberg's characters glow with something of the same phosphorescence as Torrismond and Sibylla. Elsewhere he puts them through the hoops of that ironic, elliptical style of dialogue which Meredith promulgated and Miss Compton-Burnett has improved upon.

If this novel fails quite to come up to the claims made for it, I think it is because Mr. Rosenberg, while rigidly concerned to polish and pumice his style, has given insufficient thought to the construction of his book. His theme seems to me to be capable—to have demanded, rather—a much ampler treatment. In its own right, however, *The Desperate Art* is an interesting achievement, and one which gives promise of more considerable things to come.

I must admit to having found Robert Musil's early novel, *Young Törless*, something of a disappointment, although, as the forerunner of *The Man Without Qualities*, it cannot fail to interest the Musil enthusiast. First published in 1906, it is a semi-autobiographical account of the writer's adolescence at a military academy tucked away in a lonely eastern corner of the Austrian Empire. "At sixteen," Musil wrote, "I left the *Oberrealschule* in a state of exhaustion, misused in body and mind." Certainly, his hero's experiences bear no relation to any side of school life lived in the shade of Clifton Suspension Bridge or Wellington Chapel. As dusk falls over Galicia, Törless and his companions pick their way over the ploughed fields, through the "leaden-grey acres of turnips," to a deserted café where they sip liqueurs, eat pastries and roll small, tight, black cigarettes, following up this junketing with a visit to the local tart—a fearsome peasant woman named Bozena. Bullying, beatings-up, and a great deal of dormitory sex completes the measure. Törless—a faint adolescent prefiguration of Ulrich in the later book—returns to his parents, having enjoyed a foretaste of the Musilian dual vision. As he portentously puts it to his teachers:

> "... No, I wasn't wrong when I talked about things having a second, secret life that nobody takes any notice of! I—I don't mean it literally—it's not that things are more alive, it's not that Basini seemed to have two faces—it was more as if I had a sort of second sight and saw all this not with the eyes of reason. Just as I can feel an idea coming to life in my mind, in the same way I feel something alive in me when I look at things and stop thinking. There's something dark in me, deep under all my thoughts, something I can't measure out with thoughts, a sort of life that can't be expressed in words and which is my life, all the same. ..."

At the outset there is something curiously unreal about this book. It is as though we were embarking on some 1910 sepia fantasy of school life—a Bohemian *Zéro de Conduite*, as it might be. Törless and his friends—Reitling, Beineberg, the pathetic Basini—grimace, threaten, mouth at each other, yet nothing they say seems to come through. We hear only the whirring of the subjective process. But by the end of the novel Musil has made his impression. We realise that this is primarily a book about the spiritual groping of adolescence and even more a book about cruelty. Reitling and Beineberg—and, to a humbling extent, Törless himself—are adumbrations of that total horror that Musil was to distil long afterwards as Moosbrugger, the homicidal maniac in *The Man Without Qualities*. Almost everything in that great book is implicit here—except the fun and the irony. That came much later.

Finally, Mr. J. P. Marquand. This selection of his short stories, written over a period of thirty years, is exactly what its producer, Mr. Clifton Fadiman, claims it is—top-flight entertainment. In general, I prefer Mr. Marquand's novels to his stories: while disinclined to wade through a whole wodgy dossier on George Apley or H. M. Pulham, Esq., I much enjoy thumbnail sketches of their cousins. Mr. Marquand certainly knows every section of his territory. U.S. Army life (in World War I, or in Honolulu), a Kamikaze-crazed naval lieutenant at a stuffy Hawaian luncheon party; the horrors of keeping up with the Joneses at a jingle-bells Christmas—all this he describes perfectly. His timing is impeccable, his ear well to the ground. My own favourite in the present collection is a little number from the Minutes of the Mulligatawny Club entitled *Sun, Sea and Sand*. The setting is a plutocrats' cottage community somewhere in the Bahamas, the hero a middle-aged Lothario named Epsom Felch. Epsom is a drone and a bottom-pincher, the kind of drone who takes over where Wodehouse's Woosters leave off. Mr. Marquand has set him and his fellow jokers on the beach for us, and he has placed them superbly.

JOHN RAYMOND

The Naive Genius

Pudd'nhead Wilson. By MARK TWAIN. *Chatto.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Pudd'nhead Wilson has not been among the most admired of Mark Twain's books. It has now been rescued from critical neglect by Dr. Leavis, who contributes an enthusiastic introduction to this new edition. On the excellences of the book he is excellent; he sees where the life in it lies and describes it acutely. Yet the Mark Twain problem remains; it is seen at its characteristic in *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, and Dr. Leavis all but ignores it. In the course of his introduction he writes:

> If Mark Twain lacked art in Arnold Bennett's sense (as Arnold Bennett pointed out), that only shows how little art in Arnold Bennett's sense matters, in comparison with art that is the answer of creative genius to a profoundly felt and complex experience.

Now this may be true of *Huckleberry Finn*: it is not of *Pudd'nhead Wilson*. What matters there very conspicuously is lack of art. The creative genius functions only intermittently. Where it does, the results are wonderfully fresh and alive: the whole rendering of the frontier town of Dawson's Landing and its code of

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manners, the scenes of life on the Mississippi, and the irony at the heart of the book. Here Twain uses one of his favourite, one might say one of his obsessional, devices with brilliant and profound effect. The slave girl Roxy is a Negro only because she is a slave; she is in fact as white as makes no matter. In order to save her child, a slave and therefore a Negro, though he is as white as she, from the dreadful prospect of being sold down the River, she substitutes for him her master's son, who is in her charge. As Tom Driscoll, the heir of honoured Judge Driscoll, the unsuspected usurper grows up to become a petty tyrant, a crook, a coward and ultimately a murderer. At the trial, his guilt and his identity are revealed through Pudd'nhead Wilson's life-long study of finger-prints. His fate?

> Everybody granted that if "Tom" were white and free it would be unquestionably right to punish him—it would be no loss to anybody; but to shut up a valuable slave for life—that was quite another matter.
>
> As soon as the Governor understood the case, he pardoned Tom at once, and the creditors sold him down the river.

The final irony, then, is that Roxy's child suffers the fate she had dreaded for him precisely as a result of the steps she has taken to prevent it. As for the real heir, he

> suddenly found himself rich and free, but in a most embarrassing situation. He could neither read nor write, and his speech was the basest dialect of the negro quarter. His gait, his attitudes, his gestures, his bearing, his laugh—all were vulgar and uncouth; his manners were the manners of a slave. . . . The poor fellow could not endure the terrors of the white man's parlour, and felt at home and at peace nowhere but in the kitchen.

If this were all, if this were indeed *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, how marvellous it would be. But it is not all. For the story as I have outlined it exists in a context of what I can only call cumbrous and incredible machinery. Pudd'nhead Wilson, except for the one superb moment when he earns his nickname, is a cypher, there merely as a clumsy *deus ex machina*. And against Roxy's two charges Twain sets a pair of Italian twins whose purpose is never realised. The book survives like one of those trees one sometimes comes across, half of which is vigorous and lusty with leaf, the other half sinisterly dead.

An adequate conception of art, yes, even art in Arnold Bennett's sense, might have saved Twain. He did not have one. He was that rare being, a thoroughly naive genius, and that even rarer being, the naive genius who did not trust his genius. He was led astray, time and again, by his own inhibitions and lack of confidence in himself and by false friends. One is glad to have this new edition of *Pudd'nhead Wilson* and one can rejoice in its living half. The rest merely serves to underline the diagnosis of his subject Mr. Van Wyck Brooks made thirty-five years ago in *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*.

WALTER ALLEN

Shorter Reviews

Russian Wife Goes West. By TANYA MATTHEWS. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Mrs. Matthews's first book, *Russian Child and Russian Wife*, was welcomed as a candid and vivacious account of life in the Soviet Union. This second instalment begins well enough, in a vein at once reminiscent of *Ninotchka* and of the crisp, domesticated autobiographies of the *Egg and I* school. The Russian girl gradually becoming acclimatised to the West, first through an engagingly decadent baron in Cairo ("in Russia hand-kissing is considered unhygienic") and later with a mixed bag of British types in Folkestone ("I took off my shoes, put on a tall, grey Persian lamb hat and placed a big paper-cutter between my teeth . . . the guests rose and started hurriedly saying good-bye") is delightful. Later, peevishness creeps in. America turns out to be no fairy-tale land where rivers of honey run through pastry landscapes, as the Russian child had imagined; even the West has its secret police. There are difficulties over the visas, and unkind hints about blonde spies from the Kremlin. The fun of having servants soon wears off. English food is horrible, London unfriendly and the women dowdy. Nobody wants to know the truth about Russia: we see Mrs. Matthews "moaning and screaming with fury" as she reads the Webbs, and being rude to Willie Gallacher on the terrace of the House. Her disillusionment is all the more pathetic because she is so obviously a spontaneous, friendly person who is eager to be liked—qualities which, together with the form in which the autobiography is cast, may cause the reader to reflect on the curious similarities between the national characteristics of Russians and Americans. As frivolous personal reportage, the book is strikingly successful, but Mrs. Matthews has neither the breadth of vision nor the generosity to deal with the wider political issues.

Science Makes Sense. By RITCHIE CALDER. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Calder is a devotee of the opening-with-striking-irrelevancy. Readers should not be deterred by his first eight or nine pages, which deal rather incoherently with the Lunar Society (*c.*1770). The book as a whole is essentially a series of short essays or articles, roughly grouped and linked together. The subjects are drawn from both the physical and the biological sciences, and the material from a great variety of secondary sources, most of them unacknowledged. The main theme is the human uses of scientific knowledge, the main intention is an ethical one—the spread of information so that science shall be used as much as possible, as widely as possible, and to the best advantage. The electron, atomic energy, the drugs which kill disease germs, and supersonic flight are dealt with historically and biographically, with plenty of entertaining anecdote and with hardly a technical term. The food problem is discussed without any of the conventional pessimism (or a mention of Soviet achievements). Parts 5 and 6, on science in industry and science and the family, cover a diversity of technical and medical developments, from operational research and electronics to vitamin B_{12} and cortisone.

On certain generalities, such as those dealing with scientific method, the book is weak, but on some important ones the attitude taken is excellent. While the conflict between science and religion (which is a real conflict) is glossed over, the cleavage between the arts and the sciences (a modern development) is effectively attacked. Science is recognised as an integral part of the culture of our society, and one which need not, and indeed must not, be a mystery to non-scientists.

The Twentieth Century: Special Oxford Number. June, 1955. 2*s.*

Although it opens with a lively apologia by Austin Farrer for the Queen of Sciences—which yet does not spare the Oxford school of theology—this is in no sense conceived as a riposte to the *Twentieth Century's* Cambridge number with its defence of liberal humanism. If any general character emerges, it is an urbane acceptance of diversity: a quality certainly present in the four-part discussion on "Philosophy and Belief" between Isaiah Berlin, Stuart Hampshire, Iris Murdoch and Anthony Quinton; and in the duologue on Oxford Writing by David Cecil and Rachel Trickett. The latter topic is touched on altogether more sharply by A. Alvarez in his anatomy of "The Poet in the University": American university courses in Creative Writing are no kinder a nurse to the Muses, he holds, than the academic English course whose B.A. syllabus stops at 1830. And W. W. Robson (who has ably edited the number) effectively lays into C. S. Lewis for his recent stand against the critical spirit, "Lilies that Fester." Maurice Charlton's statement on the Scientist at Oxford and Asa Briggs on P.P.E. throw light on special disciplines. And there is sharp social observation in Rod McManigal's study of the American in Oxford, where he shows the Rhodes Scholar, quick to take on the protective colouring of Oxford, confronted in the Corn by his reproaching "brothers from the air-base, the indigestible Yanks, out in the street on the prowl. Red Indians."

Company Meeting

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OIL AND ATOMIC ENERGY

The annual general meeting of The "Shell" Transport and Trading Company, Ltd., was held on June 1 in London.

Sir Frederick Godber, chairman, in the course of his speech, said: In my statement I said that the figures of results of the Royal Dutch/Shell Group for the first quarter of 1955 would be available within a few weeks. I am able to tell you that they are now ready, and are being given to the Press today. They disclose a net Group profit of £34.1 million, after the deduction of estimated taxation for the period based on our normal method of accounting. This compares with £33.4 million for the same period in 1954.

It is still early to see in these results a pattern for this year's trading as a whole but I think I can say that the Group's business has come up to expectations so far, and the results are not unsatisfactory. You will appreciate that no part of this income has yet been distributed to parent companies—your company and Royal Dutch Petroleum Company.

I would like to take this opportunity to say a few words about the important question of atomic power, which is the subject of so much discussion today. In our annual report we mention that at a conservative estimate world energy requirements over the next 25 years will rise on the average by three per cent. per annum, and consequently will be double the present figure by around 1980. Until such time as atomic power has become a significant factor, the oil industry will be called on to make an increasingly important contribution to these energy requirements, but even if we look ahead to the time when atomic power will be starting to play the great part for which it is destined, its role, as far as we can see it today, will primarily be the production of low-cost electricity. While atomic power plants may displace a certain amount of heavy fuel, low-cost electricity spells increased productivity, which in turn will create greater demands for petroleum products. All our studies on this subject have, in fact, led us to the conclusion that in the foreseeable future atomic power will be complementary to, rather than competitive with, energy derived from oil.

EFFECT OF HIGH TAXATION

Low-cost energy will be a vital factor in the raising of our future standard of living, and it is with this in mind that I have made comments in my statement, both of this and previous years, about the ill effects on the economy of the country of excessively high taxation on petrol and diesel fuel used for vehicles. It is, therefore, encouraging to note that the leaders of the political parties have recently given recognition to the problems created by these taxes; and I sincerely hope that, now the election is over, remedial action in this sphere will be taken at the first opportunity.

Of the large revenue raised from taxes on vehicles and their fuel only a small fraction is devoted to maintenance and improvement of roads. The result is that the roads are quite inadequate to bear the traffic of today in this country, where its density is the highest in the world.

Road development has fallen badly behind the general industrial development of the country. This lag must be made good, and future development should keep pace with future industrial expansion. Only by pursuing this objective will the nation avoid imposing upon itself a grave and unnecessary handicap to its economic welfare; for unless our roads can satisfy the demands made on them by industry and commerce, our economic arteries will be choked, the movement of exports to our sea ports slowed down, and severe loss will be sustained—not only by motorists, but by the whole community, for everyone profits from the lower costs of living which increased transport efficiency will bring.

I should like to say a word about the invitation from the Directors of your Company, which every shareholder will have received with his copy of the Annual Report, to view two Shell films illustrating some of our principal activities on land and at sea. You will have in mind that for a number of years I have been stressing the heavy capital investment that has to be made each year in the various phases of our business. It is, therefore, appropriate that shareholders should have as clear a picture as possible as to where and to what purpose these large sums of money are employed.

The report and accounts were adopted.

The Nine Songs: A Study of Shamanism in Ancient China. By ARTHUR WALEY. *Allen & Unwin.* 10s.

Accounts of North Asiatic shamanism portray the typical initiate in terms which oddly recall the schoolboy Shelley: solitary, ardent, morbidly excitable and timid, yet capable of being thrown by the smallest sudden shock into blind frenzies—paroxysms which the Samoyedes cured by the homely measure of burning a tuft of reindeer hair under the victim's nose. Poets frequently appear as shamans of a kind ("*Sing*, heavenly Muse . . .") and shamans must of their nature have been poets, only their incantations were less favourably placed for recording. Hence the unique interest of this book, in which nine songs from the so-called *Elegies of Ch'u* are translated in the light of their origins in the *wu* cult, the "pure" shamanism of early China.

Shamanism now covers almost any practice in which "benevolent possession" is invited by ritual. In view of the diversity of techniques, Dr. Waley suggests that it is a mistake to label any one form "true" shamanism, but the distinction is probably one of aims as well as means. The "true" shaman sought not simply possession but visions, affording sight of the spirits and communication with them; he was a solo artist whose part, from the invocation even to the ecstatic transport into the zones of heaven and the mediumistic converse with the spirit, was enacted according to a dramatic and stylistic plan. It was a cruder magic which Marco Polo saw and described as "devil-conjuring," and which, in the Taiping Rebellion, led the rebel "king of the West" to proclaim himself possessed by Jesus Christ. Ch'u state, the birthplace of these songs, was a southern land with a richer fund of imagery and mythology than the arid, frugal north, and its poetry has so far been the least accessible in translation. One hopes there will be more.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,320

Set by John Pomfret

The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from a new Byronic literary satire, *Papist Plots and Red Reviewers*. Limit, 16 lines. Entries by June 21.

Result of No. 1,317

Set by Lionel Hale

The following epitaph on J. W. Dunne (author of *An Experiment with Time*) was composed by me—late, as ever—some years after his death:

"Disturb me not," said Dunne the Dreamer. "I'm
Making my great Experiment with Time."
Time, waiting quietly till his Race was Run,
Here ends his great Experiment with Dunne.

Competitors are invited for the usual prizes to submit similar *épitaphes d'escalier* (in quatrains of two heroic couplets) on a deceased character of this century, tinctured with the flavour of the irony of mortality.

Report

The terms of reference were wide. With all the Century's obituary list to choose from, it was likely that the victims of *épitaphes d'escalier*—particularly when the irony of mortality was in the specification—should be the dogmatic, the assertive, the know-alls. Thus it was Shaw who drew the largest share of the fire: after him, Wells, Freud, and T. E. Lawrence—the last being easily explained by the interest recently created by Aldington and *The Mint*.

There were others—Henry James, for instance: I was sad to have to fail Edward Blishen on him, but the neatness of the idea was wrecked on the long, untidy coastline of one word in his last line.

"I do not care," said Henry James, and sighed,
"To make assertions quite unqualified."
Alas, not even he could place a bracket
Between blunt "*Hic*" and unambiguous "*jacet*."

Hitler, somehow, is too capacious a monster for the delicacies of a quatrain, or I should have more enjoyed Pibwob's image of gardener Death transplanting this well-known anti-Semite "to blossom In his abhorred allotment, Abraham's bosom." Clowns were a mistake, for no one wishes to be ironical about the death of a clown, as Vera Telfer clearly felt about Tommy Handley:

And after all these years we feel the lack
Because that day he go, he no come back.

Gandhi similarly defeated the purpose of those who attempted to prove that Death can be the reverse of non-violent. William Willett was an obvious choice because (like J. W. Dunne) he monkeyed about with Time: but Time's revenges found no succinct expression, however large the number of entries. Einstein seemed easy, but proved impossible. Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain seemed to lead to heavy work with the cudgel, rather than to the precise and almost rueful rapier which I had in mind.

I found this most happily in Albert Hunt, whose Freud seems to combine the right formality with the proper sense of indulgent malice. If it were not for the word "transversal," which interferes uncomfortably, Martin Jordan on Wells would have something of the same effect:

Wells in his lifetime tried to integrate
Man into one grand universal State.
Death, taking lines familiar, if transversal,
Gives him a state not less than Universal.

There were a large number of verses humbling Shaw before God, of which D. L. L. Clarke's prize-winning entry rises to something pleasureably austre: yet perhaps misses the true flavour of mortality, which A. W. G., though with a lame second line, does contrive. So does Barbara Smoker, on Samuel Butler. There is a kind of impatient joviality about her Death, which for comic force triumphs over its informality, and which I find irresistible: For Fate knocking at the door, like the person from Porlock calling on Coleridge, there is H. J. R., on Elgar—he points out that these musical details of Elgar's projected Third Symphony are wholly imaginary, but we may surely forgive him on Sam Johnson's avowed and unexceptional principle that "In lapidary inscriptions a man is not on oath."

All in all, I must make a fairly arbitrary choice, juggling with the entries' wit, their precision, and their dexterity at conveying the sentiment of "How are the mighty fallen!" First prize, therefore, among a level short list, of two guineas to Albert Hunt, and a guinea apiece to D. L. L. Clarke, Barbara Smoker, H. J. R., and A. W. G.

Freud said, "I have discredited the odd
Pre-conscious father-figure men called God."
God smiled, and scattered speechless in the void
Post-conscious fragments men had once called Freud.
ALBERT HUNT

Shaw willed his cash to make the English leaven
Orthography with sense, then left for heaven.
Said Peter, "Follow where the Black Girl trod,
And learn to spell the mysteries of God."
D. L. L. CLARKE

My trains, the Duce claimed, are never late.
Italians can be sure they'll keep a date.
At length he found, one evening in Milan,
An equal promptness in the ferryman.
A. W. G.

That Life was born of matter he denied:
"It isn't matter! It is mind!" he cried.
But Samuel Butler might have saved his breath:
"It doesn't matter! Never mind!" said Death.
BARBARA SMOKER

Said Elgar "my new symphony begins
With a first theme for horns and violins.
The second will be prefaced by a blast
From the First Trumpet": "And" said Fate "the last."
H. J. R.

The Chess Board

No. 297 Richard III

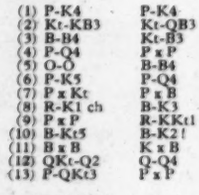
I am not referring to the hapless king dramatised by Shakespeare and soon to be immortalised by Sir Laurence Olivier. My thoughts are with Richard Teichmann, nicknamed after the monarch who met his doom at Bosworth; not as if he inclined to despotism or infanticide, for Richard was a most kindly and genial man, but he did make a habit of coming third in tournaments. He should have done better, for he was one of the most gifted players of his time; but he was a lazy man, ever ready to offer a draw rather than spend weary hours of woodshifting. He died thirty years ago, almost to the day, which may be as good a pretext as any for remembering him. His greatest triumph was at Karlsbad, 1911, when he came first, ahead of Rubinstein and Schlechter. Here is the game—quite a famous brilliancy at the time—in which he trounced the wily Schlechter.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(13) Kt-K3	B-Kt2?
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(14) Kt-B5!	KR-K1
(3) B-Kt5	P-QR3	(15) B-Kt5	Kt-Q2
(4) B-R4	Kt-B3	(16) " -Kt3!	Kt-B1
(5) O-O	B-K2	(17) B-Q5	Kt-Kt3
(6) R-K1	P-QKt4	(18) B x B	KKt x B
(7) B-Kt3	P-Q3	(19) B x P ch!	K x B
(8) P-B3	O-O	(20) Kt-Kt5 ch	K-Kt1
(9) P-Q3	Kt-QR4	(21) Q-R5	Kt x Kt
(10) B-B2	P-B4	(22) Q x P ch	K-B1
(11) QKt-Q2	Q-B2	(23) Q x Kt ch	K-Kt1
(12) Kt-B1	Kt-B3	(24) Q-Kt6 !	

This excellent move, immobilising the Black KtP left no defence against White's terrible threat of R-K3. Schlechter resigned. Here now—Mieses-Teichmann, St. Petersburg 1909—is a game rather typical of Teichmann's steady and almost phlegmatic manner in warding off an attack and starting the counter-attack—see his 15th move—at the proper moment.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(14) Kt x KtP	QR-Q1
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(15) Q-K2	P-Q6 !
(3) B-B4	Kt-B3	(16) P x P	R x P
(4) P-Q4	P x P	(17) P-Q4	K-B1
(5) O-O	B-B4	(18) QR-B1	R-Kt3
(6) P-K5	P-Q4	(19) R-B3	P-QR4
(7) P x Kt	P x B	(20) Q-Q2	P-R5
(8) R-K1 ch	B-K3	(21) Kt-B5	Kt x P
(9) P x P	R-KKt1	(22) Kt x B ch	R x Kt
(10) B-Kt5	B-K2 !	(23) Kt x Kt	Q x Kt
(11) B x B	K x B	(24) Q-B1	R x R ch
(12) QKt-Q2	Q-Q4	(25) Q x R	Q x R
(13) P-QKt3	P x P	(26) resigns	

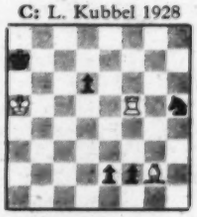
A: R. Teichmann 1920



The 4-pointer for beginners is a position in which (playing that notorious old duffer, A. N. Other) Teichmann had just ventured Kt-Kt5. Black should have tried Kt-QR3, but he grabbed the Kt. How was he punished in a couple of moves? **B**—White to draw—and **C**—White to win—should be not too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder points respectively.

B: V. Kivi 1934

C: L. Kubbel 1928



Usual prizes. Entries by June 20.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 294. Set May 21

A: (1) Kt x BP, R x Kt, (2) Q-B8 ch, K-R2, (3) R-B7, Q x Q, (4) Kt-K7 ch, K-R1, (5) R x Q mate.

B: (1) Q-K8 ch, K-B2, (2) Q-QKt8 ch, K-B3, (3) Q-Kt7 ch, Q x Q ch, (4) P x Q, Kt-R3, (5) K-R7, K-Kt4, (6) P-B4 ch, K-R4, (7) P-Kt3, Kt-Kt5, (8) P=Kt, etc.

C: (1) Kt-B2 ch, R x Kt, (2) Q x Q ch, B x Q, (3) P-K7, B-R3, (4) P-R7, R-B5 ch, (5) K-Q3, B-Kt4 ch, (6) P-B4, B x P ch, (7) K-B3, etc.
if (3) . . . . R-K7, (4) P-R7, R-K5 ch, (5) K-Q3! etc.

A good many correct or near-correct solutions. Prizes shared by E. Allan, M. G. Harman (junior), J. H. Phillips, A. Schneider, J. D. Taylor.

ASSIAC

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

MIEDERS, Tyrol, Austria. Hotel Lerchenhof. The place for a happy holiday. 40 minutes' bus ride from Innsbruck. Big garden. Swimming bath and tennis court nearby. Lovely spring flowers, excellent cooking. May, June, Sept., Oct., Austr. Sch. 50.-, July, Aug. Sch. 55.- per day. Service 10%, local tax Sch. -80.

SPEND holidays in France in homely hotels: Hotel Rocharvor, Perros-Guirec, Brittany, fine beach. Terms 900-1,400. Hotel Arbetex, St.-Gervais (H. Savoie), alt. 3,200ft., facing Mt. Blanc. Terms 1400-1800.

ALPINE Hotel Klausen, Unterschachen, Switzerland, offers splendid holidays in a most romantic mountain surrounding. Price per day: 12 Swiss francs. Family arrangements.

PEACE and good food in beautiful surroundings. Easy access Pisa, Lucca, Lerici, Viareggio. High season 1,900 lire per day, otherwise 1,600. Villa Massoni, Massa Centro, Tuscany.

SPAIN, Costa Brava. Small mod. Pension facing sea. H. & c., good ckg. (No Aug. vacs.) Bella Costa, Llafranch, Gerona.

BRITTANY Gauguin's country. Hotel des Dunes, Le Pouldu, Finistère. Fam. hotel, excel. food, beaut. safe sandy beach. Spec. incl. rates to July 10 & from Aug. 20.

MOUNTAIN Guest House, families welcome. Walking, climbing. Good food. Hot water. Paul and Beryl Work, Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, North Wales.

PEMBROKESHIRE: nature-lovers welcomed; historic house, woods, lakes, farm; modern amenities; sea near all sides. Lockley, Orielton Nature Reserve, Pembroke.

CASTLE Rock Hotel (A.A.-R.A.C.), Port-Isaac, Cornwall. Unrivalled situation overlooking bay. Licensed club, sun lounge, television, garages. Noted for cuisine, comfort & service. Reduced incl. terms to mid-July 7½-8½gns. Illustrated brochure. 'Phone 219. Victor Hilton recommended.

IDEAL Holidays or Week-ends in unspoilt rural Essex, varied recreations, golf nr. Excellent table. Lic. Brochure: Lt. Bardfield Hall, nr. Braintree. Gt. Bardfield 241.

KESWICK, Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful views, first-class food. Anne Horner. Tel 508.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½-6½gns. George and Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

HOLIDAYS. Come to glorious Devon. Early & summer holidays. No vacs. Aug. 3 miles golden sands. Reduction for early season. Children welcome. Also furn. bungalow to let June 4-18, July 2-9. Tel. 44, M. M. Garness, Sea-View, Woolacombe.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

DEVON holidays. Large house nr. sea. 45s. p.w. Cooking facils., meals if reqd. Special rates June/July. Similinter, Ltd., 32 Rupert Street, W.1. GER. 1068.

KENT, wooded Downs. XVth-Cent. Farmhouse. 5gns. wkly. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted (Tel. 353), Ashford. During strike, coach to Canterbury or Ashford. Met by car.

BEAUTIFUL countryside with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex. (Eastbourne Line.) Horam Rd. 32.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Country, seaside, good accom., h. and c. wtr., spring-interiors. Gd. home ckg. Drake, Porthmeor, Newport.

COUNTRY Guest House. Lovely Cotswold valley. Excellent food. 6 to 7gns. Steat-bridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos.

HORSHAM.—Convalescence at Honeywood House, Rowbook, Horsham, Sussex. 'Phone Oakwood Hill 389. Ideal for rest and recuperation. Full nursing attention. Dietetics, Physiotherapy, Building and Slimming Diets. Beautiful country residence. Wireless every bedroom. Excellent cuisine. Apply brochure.

BOOK holidays now in lovely Connemara. Modern licensed guest house. H. & C. bedrooms. Excellent table, bathing, boating, fishing, motoring available. Terms mod. Broch.: Mrs. Grenville Holms, Doonesn House, Letterfrack, Co. Galway, Ireland.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (3 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

BETTWS-Y-COED district. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort, Continental cooking. 7½gns. Bwich Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

WRITER'S wife welcomes P.G.s, cottage, Fowey, Cornwall. 5½-6½gns. Breakfast and evening dinner. Box 7661.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front Gdns., Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 7gns. Summer 7½-9gns.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Sea, cliffs, downs. Old Norton House. Sm. luxury hotel on famous old Green. Rms. of distinction; fine food; friendly atmos. 8gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. Prop: D. Chapman, M.P.

BEXHILL—Country hse. nr. sea, children welcome, terms mod. "The Thorne," Ninfield Road, Bexhill-on-Sea. (Ninfield 212.)

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KESWICK District opposite Skiddaw between Bassenthwaite & Derwentwater. Guest House has vacs. June, Sept. Mrs. Cowen, Ravencrag, Braithwaite.

RESTFUL holidays, Country Guest House, on lovely Herts-Essex border. Good food; home prod. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. H.H. 263.

BLENHEIM Farm, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Comfortable accom. and good food. 6½gns. wk. Easy train journey from Charing X. Riding stables. Coarse fishing. Tel. 148.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, has three things that are important in an hotel, good food, comfort and congenial company, Sharpthorne 17.

PORTHCURNO, Cornwall: family holidays incl. road transport ex London. Russell, 18, Manor Mans., N.W.3. Pri. 4068.

THE new 1955-56 edition of "The Good Food Guide" is now ready. Contains nearly 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Nearly a third of the entries are new. The standard goes higher every year. 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell.

MEXICO in Soho: "The Chapingo" Espresso Bar. Eat South American style in comfort or meet your friends for coffee. Grills to 2 a.m.! Peter St. (off Wardour St.), Old Compton St. end. GER. 0203.

MISCELLANEOUS

GENTLEMEN, don't buy. Have your shirts repaired as new. Moderate charges. New cuffs 4s. 6d. New collar and band, 7s. 6d. Work of highest standard. Post shirt(s) for free estimate or send for full price list to Joanna, Dept. 32, 26 Southbourne Grove, W. Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants.

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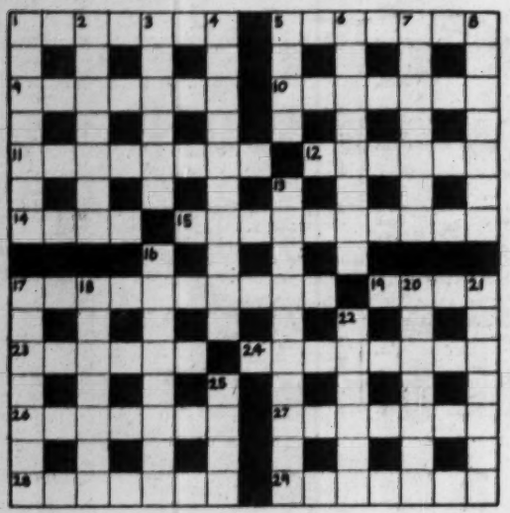
Week-end Crossword No. 156

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 156, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on June 21.



ACROSS

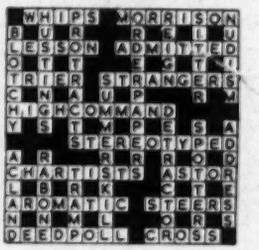
1. Vetoes the controller of the game employs (7).
5. The ruins of Salerno (7).
9. Someone from another world would be muddled in a tram (7).
10. If penniless the college would be in possession of property (7).
11. Modern erection redesigned (8).
12. Summer rock (6).
14. Man's name for a mother (4).
15. Used, but if observed for a time it may be new (10).
17. Mountaineering staff permanently employed after plane smash (10).
19. Shut up shop (4).
23. Paltry money spinner returns (6).
24. These women go fifty-fifty among the soldiers (8).
26. The captain should obviously be given plenty of rope (7).
27. Duck among those the swimmers envy (7).
28. Where to climb for what is left by the woman who got here first (7).
29. A fellow about to put restrictions on freedom (7).

DOWN

1. Country of rugger madness (7).
2. Island with doctors in the market-places (7).
3. Actor who behaves like a star (6).
4. Judgments with a sentence in the middle (10).
5. "... the —— is gone, And there is nothing left remarkable" (*Antony & Cleopatra*) (4).
6. These peers are something boring in the House (8).
7. The heroine has this little song when beheaded (7).
8. Caned? No, sweet (7).
13. "I've a head like a ——" (Kipling) (10).
16. Press in a relative to release (8).
17. The entertainer must have a sitter in (7).
18. Range of the writer and the muses (7).
20. Scented address to a grim editor (7).
21. The door is almost covered by a placard (7).
22. Manual transliterated for a girl student (6).
25. Pattern of worry (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 154



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 154

A. I. Bowie (*Paisley*), *M. D. Buckalter* (*Co. Dublin*), *M. F. Lipworth* (*Colombo*).

PERSONAL

CAMBRIDGE undergraduate, ex-public school, now reading music, seeks employment home or abroad 4 or 5 weeks from July 1. Organist. Commiss. Royal Signals. Box 7327.

GRAMMAR School Girl 14 capable, cheerful, intelligent, seeks summer holiday employment at home or abroad. Anything considered. Exchange references. Box 7332.

AUSTRIAN girl requires accommodation with English family as paying guest for 14 days commencing July 24, '55. Please apply to Pollshon Trading Co., Ltd., 96 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

BACHELOR, 30's, driving Chamonix 17/7, sks. companion-driver (m). Exps. shared. Box 7734.

WANTED, Companion, with some nursing experience, for elderly lady. Modern house, South-east coast town. Box 7719.

GERMAN girl (20), children's hospital nurse, now in England, wishes travel S. Africa October, offers services return part-passage. Box 7478.

A YOUNG Indian student wants accomm. in an English family as paying guest for six months from June 30 onwards. Box 7674.

KRISHNAMURTI. Would those interested care join newly formed Discussion Group meeting London? Box 7711.

WHO shares my opinion that nuclear fission must be thrown into oblivion? K. I. Meyer, 1 Craven Hill, N.W.2.

IMAGINATIVE cat-artist wanted to collaborate on book. WES. 3552.

PAYING guest accomm. in English families wanted for Continental students. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KNI. 4132.

CONTINENTAL students seek homes as paying guests, au pair or exchange visitors. Family Friendships Service, 46 Muswell Hill Road, N.10.

SEASIDE holidays for children. Picnics. Excursions. Every care. Thanet House School, 18 Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

DEVON holiday at minimum cost for family parties. Accom. large house 10 mins. sea Teignmouth. Adults £2 p.w., children 25s. Similinter, 32-4 Rupert St., W.1. WHI. 6411.

BURGESS Hill School summer camp in Guernsey, August 2, for three weeks. 16*gns.* incl. air travel. Apply: Secretary, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. HAM. 2019.

YOUNG man holidyg. Summer sightseeing Cont./Scotland sks. comp. (m.). Box 7652.

SUMMER Holiday Camp for Children requires S.R.N. as working matron July 28-September 16, preferably with own child over five. Matron's assistant or girls' group leader also required. Box 7649.

SEASIDE Holiday reqd. August, 2 boys, 12, 9. Sole charge, inexpensive. Harris, 5 Talbot Rd., Wembley.

SWISS Tour (Vevey-Locarno) July 23 to Aug. 6, air travel; Yugoslavia or Italy Aug. 28 to Sept. 11, partly by air. E.L.B. Tours, 154, Westbourne Grove, W.11.

INDIA by car. American Ford Fellow wants riders. Leaving Athens Sept. 15, arriving Delhi before Nov 1. Hirsch, TER. 8888.

ISOLATED caravan Dorset village. Hollybush, Selsmore Rd., Hayling, Hants.

NORWAY. Zephyr-owner, 35, sks. 1-3 people, holiday early July. GIP. 2177.

PERSONAL—continued

HOLIDAYS in the Soviet Union! For the first time since before the war—two trips, staying at Moscow and Leningrad. 15 days, Aug. 22-Sept. 5, air travel both ways and with 13 days in the U.S.S.R., £135 all in. 18 days, Sept. 1-19, with 12 days in the U.S.S.R., £120 all in. Magnificent programme; first-class hotel accommodation. Some places also left for holidays in Czechoslovakia, Paris, Vienna, East Germany, etc. Send 2½*d.* stamp for free brochure to Progressive Tours, Dept. D, 100a Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

YOU can still be included in our parties for professional people or individual arrangements in Austria. Lakeside holiday at Funchl, near Salzburg, departures June 18 and August 13, Austrian Tyrol; departures July 2, 24, 30, August 13, 27, September 11. 15 day holidays from £23 10s. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

SEE Spain for sunshine holidays. Special announcement! We have been able to book additional accommodation for June, July, Aug., Sept. and Oct. for holidays in Palma, Paguera, Soller & Ibiza. 15-day holidays by rail from £36. 15-day holidays by air from £50 10s. Apply for details and brochure: See Spain Ltd. (Dept. N.S.N.), 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. MUSeum 9351/2.

FRENCH Prehistoric Caves Tour with A. D. Lacaille, F.S.A., archæologist, has still a few vacancies. July 16-31. £51 (Students £44). Write now for full programme, also of Hellenic Cruises and Art Tours to Spain and Classical Italy to Academic Tours, 106 Ken. High St., W.8.

SPAIN, Majorca, Ibiza. 15 days from £34 10s. including travel, full pension, etc. Free Guide and programme from New Vistas Travel Service, Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. (Molesey 2105).

FRANCE. Basque country: 15 days July 22. Hols., home/abroad incl. transp. Russell, 18 Manor Mans., N.W.3. Pri. 4068.

CHILDREN'S Holiday in Devon. Of interest to parents unable to be with children during holidays. A large house and garden, specially equipped for children, good food, perm. supervision, within few mins. sandy beach. For details please write Similinter, Ltd., 32-34 Rupert St., W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

PARIS: 7 days for 11*gns.* inc. air travel. Yugoslavia: 14 days for 30*gns.* Vienna: 14 days for 26*gns.* Tour of Denmark: 14 days for 28*gns.* These and other holidays from Youth Holidays, 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1.

LAST vacancies Grand Austrian Tour by air and coach, July 30 to August 14. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

TEACHER wd. buy lift Dieppe-Tours mid-July, also return 31st. Spathaky, 7 Beechcote Ave., Portadown, N. Ireland.

RESTFUL wkends., cntry. pursuits, gd. ckg. Nr. Guildford/Cranleigh. Box 7462.

UNDERSTANDING the Foreigner: at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, July 8-10, as part of International Holiday Course.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Rd., S.W.7. WEStern 5209.

TRAVELLERS abroad! Learn to speak the language of the country which you are going to visit on holiday or business. Short intensive Conversation Courses at the Mentor, 11 Charing X Rd., W.C.2. TRA. 2044.

PERSONAL—continued

FILM Production. Unique courses in the technique of live and cartoon Film-making. Heatherley Film Unit, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VICtoria 6077.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts future programmes and special membership terms for married couples obtainable from Sec., I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3, "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

MOTHERS take a complete rest this summer. Young foreign girls, willing to help with children, little housework in return for pocket money, available short/long periods. Same arrangements for English girls for the Continent from 6-12 months only. Book now. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., London, S.W.7.

LEARN to speak French as in France. Box 6994.

HUMANISM is now an International Movement. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. Wes. 2341.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

FOR Men Only! New ideas in Beach, Swim and Leisure Wear. Call or send for new 1955 illustrated catalogue. Vince Man Shop (N.S.), 5 Newburgh St., Poubert Place, Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. Open until 7 p.m. Thurs., and 3 p.m. Sats.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655 for details.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

MR. Robert St. John sees private and clinic patients for the Bates System of Visual Re-education in London and Liverpool. 72 Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 4042.

CHARACTEROLOGICAL Analysis of Handwriting. Particulars, Box 7423.

HENLEY in the 90's. Champagne and Chaperons. Punts and Parasols and Lambert & Butler's Straight Cut cigarettes. Made for Halcyon Days, but still as good today. 20 for 3s. 11*d.*

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1*gn.* to 5*gns.* a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

ADPHONES. If you want to buy or sell anything privately. Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation. Personal services, 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Rd., W.2. BAYswater 7224. Adphones.

PERSONAL—continued

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d.* stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

ORDINARY Writing at 110-120 words per min. All langs. Test lesson 2½*d.* Dutton Speedwords NS 92/3, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

P.S. Do not despair. There are still a very few vacancies in Harold Ingham's Summer Schools Abroad and an immediate enquiry to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, may yet secure a place.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

FLAT part-furn. 3 rms., kitchen, use bath. Tel. 5*gns.* p.w. Putney 1582.

TO let: attractive 4 rm. flat, kit., bathr., sep. w.c. Newly decorated and furn., exclusive resid. district N.W.2, 10 min. West End, tube & bus stop adj., large garden. Refs. essential. Box 7662.

ALDEBURGH. Caravan by sea 4½*gns.* p.w. 6 Trowlock Ave. Teddington. Kin. 1726.

YOUNG married professional couple require furn. or unfurn. flat. F. & *f.* purchased if reasonable. Box 7713.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

BOGNOR. Modernised cottage with studio, fitted as small pottery. 2 recp., 3 bedrms., bath., tel., garden. £2,300. Box 7493.

2 mins. Amersham stn., on bus route, in Green Belt beechwood, 3 rec., 4 bed., k. & b., all mains, new emulsion paint throughout. Tiny garden, rent 1 rood woodland. Freehold, £3,500. View appt. only; 'phone evgs. AM. 1522. Box 7772.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by Famous Authors. Novels, Plays, Poetry, etc. Editing by expd. writer, Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

SECRETARIAL Aunts; all types of Secretarial Services shorthand-typists, etc. Literary/commercial typing, duplicating, etc. Dictating machine hire service. 4-day service for any length M.S. Special rates students and societies. Public/private meetings, conferences, etc., reported. Translating from/into all European languages. 32/34 Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

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ACCURATE typing of all kinds of MS., plays, novels, theses and technical MS. given every care. Moderate terms. Sweeting, 18 Ouseley Rd., S.W.12. BAL. 6462.

NOVELS, theses, plays, etc., expertly typed. (Chelsea.) Peggy Sutton, FLA. 7967.

MABEL Eyles Duplicating and Secretarial Agency. First-class work by expd. secs. 395 Hornsey Rd, N.19. ARC 1765/MOU 1701.

DUPLICATING; as clear and attractive as print; and of course we type anything expertly. Speedy, inexpensive. The Hampstead Secretarial Bureau, 2a Downshire Hill, N.W.3. HAM 8879.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating, circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting by expert freelance. BAY. 1786.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the full-time posts of Research Assistant in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. The successful candidates will be expected to pursue research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration or Social Anthropology, and should be graduates in any of these subjects or in Modern History or Economic History. There are two grades: Grade II, salary £550 to £650 per annum; Grade III, salary £450-£500 per annum. Applications should be sent not later than July 2, 1955, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility. Deputy Headmaster. Wandsworth School, Sutherland Grove, S.W.18 (Headmaster—H. Raymond King, M.A.). A secondary school for about 2,000 boys. The school is at present a grammar school, providing technical studies, which is being enlarged to become a comprehensive school from September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as deputy headmaster, to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale; salary with a substantial special allowance, at present £350 a year, but likely to be increased in relation to proposed increased allowances for advanced teaching. The school will consist of pupils of the former grammar school, including the technical branch, and will gradually expand by recruitment of boys of 11 plus from local primary schools and by transfer of boys from other neighbouring secondary schools. Courses of various kinds and lengths will be provided, in academic and general subjects, and studies in building and engineering, including some leading to G.C.E. (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels). Applicants must have high qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TS10 (Wandsworth) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 by June 24. (851.)

CO-OPERATIVE Union Limited. Education Department. Under a Five Year Plan of experimental work, new appointments are to be made: (a) Development Officer for Intensive Practical Courses of Staff Training. Responsibilities will include formulation of syllabuses for practical courses especially for sales staffs, initiation of training schemes for potential instructors, assisting in planning local courses, etc. Commencing salary within range of £700×£25—£825. Position calls for someone with initiative and enterprise who is deeply interested in new approaches to staff training. (b) Tutor-Organisers in Adult Education (two) to initiate and help conduct pilot experiments in selected areas in development of co-operative and social studies. Possible points for concentration are co-operative aims, social affairs and/or consumer education. Applications invited from both men and women. Commencing salary within the range of £550×£25—£700. Further details (with application forms to be returned by July 2, 1955) may be obtained from Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union, Ltd., Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics.

PERSONNEL Officer (Woman) required immediately by C. & J. Clark, Ltd., Shoemakers, Street, Somerset. The successful applicant will be employed at a branch factory in Somerset employing 700 people. She will be expected to live in Street, where a self-contained fully furnished flat is available; she should be a country-lover, and if she were able to drive a car, that would be an advantage. University training in Social Science and previous experience in Personnel Management essential. Starting salary £550. Applications should be made to Personnel Manager, marked "Private."

OXFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Applications are invited for two full-time remedial teachers to teach children with special difficulties in reading, one in the Banbury Primary Schools and one in the Henley and district Primary Schools (residence in Reading advisable for the latter post unless the applicant has a car). Special knowledge and/or experience required. The teacher appointed will work in close co-operation with the Child Guidance Service. A special responsibility allowance of £80 will be paid. Application forms (stamped addressed envelope) may be obtained from, and should be returned to, the Director of Education, County Offices, Oxford.

SOLICITOR lately Labour Candidate wants young solicitor who might be interested in job London lasting until Oct. 1956 with a view to gaining exper. before setting up elsewhere. Busy general practice. Congenial atmosphere. Write with partics. Box 7695.

SECRETARY/shorthand-typist required by medical research unit for temporary appointment of 6 months. Age about 24-28. Apply in writing to the Director, M.R.C., Experimental Radiopathology Research Unit, Hammersmith Hospital, Ducane Road, W.12.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Assistant in Central Establishment Office to investigate problems of organisation, methods, staffing and post grading both of complete departments (as member of a team) and of individual posts. Work entails visits to all types of departments, personal interviews, analysis of evidence and preparation of reports. Objective, analytical mind, wide interests and varied experience in exercise of judgment in collection and assessment of information essential. Education preferably of University degree standard. Salary £1,220 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,600 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "954 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant in Bulgarian Section. Requirements include thorough knowledge of Bulgarian and English, ability to translate perfectly (English into Bulgarian) and to read fluently in Bulgarian with faultless diction, good microphone voice, ability to write original material, knowledge of contemporary Bulgaria and interest in international affairs. Appointment normally for three years with possibility of extension. Salary £960 with prospects of promotion. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "953 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Clerk for Persian Section in London to translate and summarise letters and report on reaction to B.B.C. Persian transmissions as revealed in correspondence, newspapers, etc. Thorough knowledge of Persian and English and ability to translate either way and to draft reports in English necessary. Ability to type in Persian and English desirable. Starting salary £9 10s., plus 10s. Language Allowance per week. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within a week, quoting "948 N.Stm."

LIBRARIAN, Grade IV. Scottish Police College, Tullialllin, Kincardine on Forth, Clackmannanshire. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from women for this pensionable post under the Scottish Home Department (previously announced as open to men only). Age at least 22 on May 1, 1955. Candidates must be Fellows or Associates of the Library Association or hold the Diploma of the London University School of Librarianship. Experience of Library work essential. Salary scale £407—£687 subject to improvement under Equal Pay scheme. Inclusive starting pay according to age up to £465 at age 25 or over. Promotion prospects. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4453/55 (S.P.C.). Appl. forms to be returned by June 23, 1955.

OCCUPATIONAL Therapist (Male) required. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification. National Whitley Council Scale. Established, pensionable, subject to Medical Examination. Applics., giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three refs., to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middx.

SOCIAL Welfare Officer, woman, reqd. for voluntary organisation in Berkshire. Exp. in some social work essential. Box 7330.

APPLICATIONS are invited from well-educated persons of good social background for a senior position on appeals staff of leading Jewish organisation; candidates should possess initiative, sound organising ability, experience at addressing meetings, flair for publicity and be fully conversant with communal and Israeli affairs. Write, in confidence, to Executive Director, Technion House, 83 Wimpole St., London, W.1.

UNITED Synagogue reqs. lady administrative assistant in Social Welfare Department. Good shorthand and typing speeds essential. Minimum age 21. Salary £390 p.a. 'Phone EUSton 3655 (Ext. 24).

UNUSUAL opportunity for efficient shorthand typist, beginner considered, to travel with small theatre visiting schools all over Britain. Preference to one willing to speak parts. Training given. All expenses and excellent salary paid. Send fullest details to Box 7629.

ADVERTISING novelty mfrs. require fully experienced responsible secretary to take charge of a small office. Correspondence S/T., figures, etc. Closed Jewish holidays. Camden Town area. Box 7633.

ADVERTISING novelty and math. drawing instrument mfrs. require agents to carry additional lines, in all areas. Box 7634.

J. LYONS & Co., Ltd., have vacancies in London for male and female graduate trainees in the following fields: Office Management; Cost Accounting; Organisation & Methods; Electronic Computers, Engineering, Programming, Operation; Labour Planning. Anyone interested is invited to write for an appointment to the Control Office, Cadby Hall, London, W.14.

PROGRESSIVE Solicitor's Office in Ridgware Road require telephonist/receptionist who can also type and take shorthand. Congenial atmosphere. No Saturdays. Good conditions for the right applicant. PAD. 1656.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ORGANISER, married woman wanted for paid part-time social work for voluntary association in Scotland; must be available some evenings and able to travel easily, occasionally staying away overnight; some knowledge of committee work. Apply stating age, education, experience to Family Planning Assn., 64 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

SOCIAL Caseworker required by casework agency in Midlands. Only those with Social Science qualifications will be considered. Applications, giving full details of experience, together with testimonials, to Box 7704.

WEST End Art Gallery requires experienced shorthand typist. Some knowledge of French an advantage. Please write stating age, salary required and when free, to Box 223, R. Anderson & Co., 14 William IV St., London, W.C.2.

T.V. producers want live sales representative and stenog./secretary, pref. both with some experience in allied fields. Ring Advision, Ltd., MAY. 4864.

B.B.C. requires secretaries for French Section with knowledge of French to native standard. Ability to take dictation in French direct on to typewriter essential. Starting salary £7 16s. plus 5s. Language Allowance p.w. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, quoting "949 N.Stm.", within a week.

SHORTHAND-typist required by editorial department of medical journal. Applicant should be experienced and capable of working on own initiative. Details given should include educational background and salary desired. Box 7685.

NOVELIST (London) requires secretary, over 25. Good speed shorthand, typing. Must have good educ. and ability to write. Salary and hours by arrangement. Box 7490.

TUTORS in Engl. reqd. for Ital. boys, Denmark Hill area. 5s. p. hr. Box 7715.

HOLBORN Solicitors req. compet. S/T. Model T.U. rates. No Sats. Box 7657.

EXPD. bi-lingual Engl.-German sh./typist with initiative reqd. by Exporters. Only applicants used to methodical independent work and typing considered. Box 7727.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the hour, day or week. Generous salaries and bonuses. Holidays with pay. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

ADAPTABLE Women to work as Temporary Secretaries, Shorthand-Typists or Copy Typists. Salaries to £7 15s. for 30-hour week (10 to 5, no Saturdays). Longer hours at higher salaries if required. Sickness and holiday pay. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad Street Place, Pinsbury Circus and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, Victoria. Telephone LON. 5397 and VIC. 5084.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries wanted for temporary work on our emergency staff, 10-5, no Sats. £7 10s. Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

RESIDENT Housekeeper and Receptionist wanted for consulting rooms in Manchester. Fine, well-kept Georgian house. Living accommodation completely refurnished and redecorated. Suitable for pleasant, energetic widow or single lady. Age 30-50. Box 7422.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GOOD Employer desperately sought by intelligent girl of 22. Any interesting job consid. Substantial salary essential. Box 7614.

BACHELOR, 29, reqs. post in Canada, has sound architectural and technical background, at present holding established post with £700 p.a. salary. Good mixer, versatile, adaptable. Box 7408.

LITERARY aspirant (Nigerian), 27, seks post. All offers considered. Box 7643.

MAN, 25, seeks interesting situation, preferably non-commercial. National or international organisation, charitable, political, etc. Capable shorthand-typist, clerical experience. Box 7707.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

BOOKS! Books! Books! The biggest Book Sale you've ever been to! Thousands of book bargains from all lands, on all subjects, at Collet's Giant Book Sale, for one month only, until June 25. Weekdays 9.30-6. Saturdays 9.30-4. Collet's Exhibition Hall, 45 Museum St., London, W.C.1 (1 minute from British Museum).

GERMAN literature bought and sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane E.1. By appointment only. MOU 1482.

WE buy libraries of any description; Penguins, etc., book club & review copies; books, pamphlets on Socialism, C.I., Russia. The Hammersmith Bkshp., W.6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

JUNE "Labour Monthly." Zero Hour Chance (R.P.D.), New Hope in Europe (Quaester), At Bandung (Chou En-lai), Einstein's Place in History (J. D. Bernal, F.R.S.), Guatemala A Year Later (A. B. Magil), Maxton and the I.L.P. (W. Gallacher). "Guatemala".—Mural by Diego Rivera. 1st reproduction in Britain. Order 1s. 6d. all agents, or half-year's subscription 9s. from N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

"HEALTHY Childhood," by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 39a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

LONDON, York House, Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B. wkly. terms arrg.

CLOSE Wimbledon Com. Pleas. furn. top-fl. flat. Dble. bedrm., living-rm. Kit., bathrm., etc., tel. £4 10s. Box 7598.

BUSINESS woman offered furn. sunny bedroom, lovely outlook facing river, gas-fire, ring, use bath/kitchenette, linen. 21gns. p.w. RIC. 0973 after 7 p.m.

TWO young men would like another to share pleasant Kenton flat (total rent £3 10s.). Box 7477.

VERY good furnished accommodation for students. 35s. per week. MAC. 7562.

LUXURIOUSLY furnished rooms with communal lounge and T.V. room—breakfast. 29 Orsett Terrace, Bayswater, W.2. 'Phone PAD. 7150.

2 Bachelors invite 3rd to share congenial, attrac. home. Ealing Com. Box 7667.

B/S. rm. in mod. blk. nr. bus/tube. Cen. h., c.h.w. £3 3s. p.w. PRI. 3112.

ATTRAC. lge. B/S. rm., kit-ette, suit 2, nr. bus/tube. £3 10s. Also sgle. B/S. rm. with ckg. facs., water. 2gns. TUD. 9073.

RICHMOND. 2-r. flat, h./bath, c.h.w., gdn. Suit prof. person. RIC. 0396.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, grad. hsehold. Sgle. room. 45s. 6d. HAMpstead 8109.

TO Let, nr. Angel, Islington, furn. s/c. bed-sitting room & kitchen (share bathroom), gas, elec. Easy travel. 40s. p.w.: Oliver, CAN. 5094, 2-5 p.m.

TO Let from end June, sgle. and dble. divan-bed-sit. rooms, with partial board. Reas. MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

NR. Belsize Pk. Tube, B/S rm., bath, bkfst., ckg. fac. PRI. 2403 aft. 4.

WELL-FURNISHED flatlet, large bed-sitting-room plus kitchenette, quiet house, 3 mins. tube, Hampstead Garden Suburb. Suit one or two. Box 7764.

FLAT, s/c., charm. furn., 3 rooms, k., b., N.W.2. Nr. Tube/buses. 6½gns. p.w. Long let only. GLA. 7272.

BACHELOR offers to another large bed-sitting room, use kitchen (Kosher), tel., etc. Min. £3 3s. Modern block St. John's Wood. Impeccable refs. so Box 7635.

LARGE divan-room, quiet household. Suit professional woman. Mod. GLA. 5131.

LARGE, comfortable grd.-flr. divan room, private flat, S.W.7, access gardens. H. & c., gas fire/ring, service. Long let. FRE. 5606. Box 7682.

S.E. LONDON. Three partly-furnished rooms. Garage. Garden. Tel. Box 7676.

HENLEY, nr. river, shops, station. Furn. cottage, old—modernised, 9 beds, 5 bedrooms. £25 August. Box 7617.

SUSSEX. Woman writer owning beautiful country house will let furnished suite, 1st floor, to married couple. London within hour. 5/8gns. per week according term. And/or paying guest with similar tastes—i.e., Literature, Art, travel, country life. Unusual people. Box 7474.

EDINBURGH Festival. Aug. 20-Sept. 10. 4-roomed flat, garden, £36 inc. 346 Colinton Mains Rd., Edinburgh, 13.

PROFESSIONAL couple seek part/unfurn. accom. London area. Any reasonable offer considered. Box 7653.

TWO reliable young women, working in publishers', want 2 unf. rooms, kitchen & bath. London. Moderate rent. Box 7697.

PARTLY/unfurn. room, ckg. facs., or flat reqd. W.1 area, by post-grad. woman student. Permanency. WEL. 0845 or Box 7720.

ARCHITECT & wife seek furn./unfurn. flatlet, pleasant, airy, Hampstead or Chelsea. Reasonable. Box 7663.

FRENCH lady reqs. lge. sgle. rm., piano accomm., use kit., total facs. Long let if rent mod. Kensington area. Box 7728.

ENTERTAINMENTS

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place (nr. Islington Town Hall), Tavistock Rep. in 3 special repeat performances—Bronowski's "The Face of Violence." June 17, 18 and 19, 7.30 p.m. (Sunday, members only.) Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s. bookable CAN. 5111 after 7.

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. "Legend of Pepito," by Ted Allan. Tues-Fri. 7.45. Sat. 5.30 and 8.30.

SHANTA Rao, final London performance at Imperial Institute, June 15, 8 p.m. Book through Royal India Society, ABB. 2161.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Wd., Th., Fr., St. 6.30, Tu. & Sun. 7, Mat. Sat. 2. Mary Ellis, Mary Morris in "Mourning Becomes Electra." Mems. 10s. yrly.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Russian for Yes," comedy on Anglo-Soviet relations. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. From June 22 at 10.30 "Soho—So Wot," London's Only Late-Night Revue. Mems.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until June 12: Burgess Meredith in "Winterset" (A). From June 13: Becker's "Edward and Caroline" (A).

HAMPSTEAD Playhouse (PRI. 6868). June 13 (6 days) Bartha Kitt, New Faces (U), Color. Fan Fan La Tulipe (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Open to public Sat., Jun. 11. Jean Renoir's "The River" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8.

INDIAN Film Festival. Six outstanding films from the second largest film-producing country in the world. All films with English subtitles, every night a gala première. Personal appearances and dances by Indian stars. June 21-26, Scala Th., W.1. MUS. 5731. Box Office open. All seats reservable.

RUSSIAN Evening with balalaika music, Russian buffet, licensed bar. Dancing to Don Raine Young and his music. Porchester Hall, London, W.2, Saturday, June 11, 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets at 3s. 6d. from British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., London, E.C.1, or at 4s. at door.

I.C.A. Dancing to Don Simmons Jazz Quintet, Sat., June 11, 8-11 p.m. Inst. of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., guests 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Wednesday next, 8 p.m., June 15. Wilfrid Van Wyck, Ltd., present Dame Edith Sitwell with the English Opera Group Ensemble. Conductor: Anthony Collins. Soloists: Peter Pears, Dennis Brain, Benjamin Britten. Part I: The Third Canticle: "Still Falls the Rain" for Tenor, Horn, Piano, Benjamin Britten. Later Poems Part II: Facade. Tkts.: 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s. WAT. 3191/agents.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Concert, Mon., June 13, 7.30, Wigmore Hall. Wang String Quartet. Albert Ferber—piano. Daniel Jones: String Quartet No. 8, Luigi Dallapiccola: Quaderno Musicale di Annalibera for piano, Roberto Gerhard: Three impromptus for piano. Paul Hindemith: String Quartet No. 4. Tkts. 9s., 6s., 3s., avail. at Wigmore Hall (WEL. 2140) and from Music Secretary, 92 Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7. (WES. 4478, mornings only).

LEON Goossens, oboe, and the Carter String Trio: Pergolesi, Mozart, Gordon Jacob. Mayflower Barn, Jordans, Sat., June 18, at 8. Tickets 6s. from H. Nicholson, Sunnybrae, Jordans, Bucks.

BACH Organ Works played by William J. Tubbs at the Church of St. Margaret, Lothbury, E.C.2. Mondays June 13-July 25, at 6 p.m.

PROKOFIEV, 7th Symphony, and Kabalevsky, 2nd Symphony. Tape recording recital. Sun., June 12, 7 p.m. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Squ., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. and students 1s.).

GAUMONT State, Kilburn, N.W.6. Sun. June 12, 6 & 8.30 p.m. Don Cockell with Freddie Mills, Petula Clark, Derek Roy, Ronnie Harris, Spike Milligan, Teddy Foster & Orch. 3s. 6d. to 6s. MAI. 8081.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of paintings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-7. Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Collectors' Choice V. French 19th and 20th Century Paintings.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Porobic.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

POLISH Film Posters. Exhib. at Polish Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1. June 6-18. Wkdys. 10-8, Sats. 10-1. Adm. free.

GIACOMETTI. An Exhibition of Sculpture, Paintings & Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 9. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Japanese Art. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Twentieth Century Paintings and Sculptures lent from Collections in England. Until July 2. Mon.-Fri., 10.30-6 p.m. Sats. until 1 p.m. Closed Suns. Adm. 1s. Mems. free.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Preview Ben Nicholson Exhibition Tuesday June 14, 8.30—11 p.m. Special Evening Party at Tate Gallery. Apply tickets (12s. 6d. Members, 14s. Guests) or Membership (1gn.) to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18, Old Bond St., W.1. Pissarro-Sisley Charity Exhibition with many pictures shown for the first time in England. Admission 2s. 6d.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Katerina Wilczynski, drawings of London and the Mediterranean. French Paintings. Until June 25.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: American Primitive Art, 1670—1954. Weekdays 11—6; Sundays 2—6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Henry Moore drawings; Garbell paintings.

STRUCTURALIST Design by Hilaire Hiler, tectonic painting with contemporary furnishings. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. A Group of XXth Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Works by Victor Pasmore; Colour lithographs by Chagall; Paintings by Twelve Jewish Artists. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes June 25.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

KENSINGTON Artists' Annual Exhibition, Leighton House, 12 Holland Park Rd., W.14. June 7-25. Weekdays 11-7 (Sats. 11-5). Admission free.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Drawings & Paintings by Chavda. Open 11-6 inc. Sats., until June 21.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"APPLICATION of Child Psychology in Jerusalem": Mrs. E. E. Irvine, M.A., formerly of the Lasker Mental Hygiene Centre, Jerusalem, Mon., June 13, 8 p.m., at 107 Gloucester Place, W.1. Business and Professional Women's Group of Federation of Women Zionists. All welcome.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1, 8.15, Tues., June 14, Discussion: "Influences on Contemp. Literature, III." "Catholicism—including Anglo-Catholicism—and Contemporary Literature." Speakers inc. Christopher Hollis, M.P. Chairman: Father Patrick McLaughlin. Mems. 2s., guests 3s. Wed., June 15, Illus. lecture: "Alberto Giacometti," by David Sylvester. Mems. 2s., guests 3s. Thurs., June 16. Illus. talk: "Music Hall Songs, II." "The Music Hall and the Palace of Varieties," by Colin MacInnes. Reader: Peter Forster. Mems. 2s., guests 3s. Fri., June 17, 8.15. Jazz Section: Twin recitals, illus. by recordings. "Jimmy Noone," by Peter Gammond, "Benny Goodman," by Vic Bellerby. Members 1s. 6d., guests 2s. 6d. Membership invited.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., June 10, 8 p.m. John Lawrence (member Church Delegation to Moscow), "Where is Russia going?" Mon., June 13, 8 p.m. Dr. A. Steinberg, "Freedom in Dostoievsky." Fri., June 17, 8 p.m. N. Nina Brodiansky, "Turgenev and Belinsky." Tues., June 21, 8 p.m. 1st perf. Katrina Kornakova (formerly Moscow Arts Theatre), "White Knights," Dostoievsky.

"THE Freedom of all Peoples." Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Sunday, June 19, at 6.30. King's Weigh House Church, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square (Bond St. Tube).

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15 p.m., Fri., June 17: Dr. Sudhin N. Ghose, "Islamic Buildings and Monuments in India" (Illustrated). 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNION Society of London Joint Debate with Cambridge Union, Gray's Inn Common Room, 8 p.m. Wed., June 15. Motion "That Puritanism is the Backbone of Society." Admission free.

BRAINS Trust on Hungary: for holiday-makers there, or anyone interested, on Sunday, June 19, at 7.30. British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Also films. Adm. 9d.

CENT. London Fabian Society. "Socialism and the Press," George Thomson, M.P., Wed., June 15, 7.30, St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors welcome. 2s.

SIR Basil Henriques and Lady Pakenham addressing Family Service Unit public mtg. Kens. Town Hall, Wed., June 15, 6 p.m. Chair.: Lady Petrie, Mayor of Kensington.

LECTURE and Discussion, "Aspects of Art in Poland" by Ronald Horton (Illustrated). Refreshment Lounge, St. Pancras Town Hall, 8 p.m., Wednesday, June 15. Admission 2s., Students 1s. Arranged by the Artists' Group of the Communist Party.

"MEDICAL Visit to U.S.S.R., 1954," Dr. L. Crome. Lantern lecture. Fri., June 10, 8 p.m. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. and students, 1s.).

"WAR and Social Credit," A. W. P. Mackintosh. 7 p.m. Tues., June 14. Princess Louise, 208 High Holborn, W.C.1. Adm. free.

H. J. BLACKHAM. "When to hit back." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., June 12, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., June 12. Joseph Murumbi of Kenya, "The Colour Conflict." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request.

PERSONALIST Group. Norman Walter on "Some Sexual Factors in the Causation of War." 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Wed., June 15 at 7.30 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. June 18 at 6 p.m. Miss G. Seidmann: "An English Operatic Renaissance."

ANY questions? Answered by combined team from Bayswater Soc. & Cent. Jewish Lit., Folman's, Noel St. (off Berwick St.), W.1. Wed., June 15, 7.45. Vis. 2s. 6d.

CHESS: Lightning Tournament. Fri., June 17, 7 p.m. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.). Please reserve boards (ring WES. 1571).

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public lecture, Wednesday, June 15 at 6.30 p.m. "The Buddha Dhamma 2. Practice." The Ven. Gunasiri Thera.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Station), Thursday, June 16, 7.30. Bhagavad-Gita. All welcome.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sunday, 8 p.m. June 12: "Mind Control."

YOGA and Modern Life. Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, W.11. Lectures every Tuesday at 6.30. June 14: "The Religion of the Future."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

OXFORD Vacation Course in Education, July 28-August 11, 1955, including lectures on "Planned Education—a Contradiction in Terms?"; on the teaching of school subjects; on "The Christian Faith and its Setting in History"; and discussions on special problems. Visiting lecturers include Lady Ogilvie, Professor Coulson, R. H. S. Crossman, Dr. R. M. Hutchins, Professor Lester Smith. Further particulars from The Director, Oxford University Department of Education, 15 Norham Gardens, Oxford (marked "Vacation Course").

AFTER the Election. Fabian Summer Schools, Aug. 6-13: Oxford. Aug. 13-20: Farnham. Alan Birch, Maurice Cranston, C. A. R. Crosland, R. H. S. Crossman, Henry Fairlie, Douglas Houghton, Roy Jenkins, Ernest Jones, Richard Lowenthal, James MacColl, John Parker, J. Enoch Powell, A. J. P. Taylor, Fred Willey. Details: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

FILM School, July 30-Aug. 13, Newton-St.-Loe, near Bath. Beautiful surroundings, comf. single or double rooms. Attractive lecturing, Film and Film-making Programme. Illus. brochure from British Film Institute, 4 Great Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 0581.

THINKERS' Holiday Organisation. 1955 Summer School: "Democracy in the Atomic Age," Buxton, August 13-27. Speakers include H. J. Blackham, Prof. R. Devons, Prof. S. E. Finer, the Rev. G. J. G. Grieve, Wilfrid Harrison, Sir Will Lawther, Prof. H. Levy, D. A. Routh. For details apply to T. H. O., 8 Kenton St., London, W.C.1. Visitors from abroad especially welcome.

HOUSE Party Holidays. Enjoy a varied and interesting holiday in pleasant international company! House parties by the sea in Britain (Sussex, Cornwall, Wales), July 23-September 3. Cost from 7gns. per week. Special family reductions, supervision of children and opportunity for foreign language practice. Erna Low, 47(HP) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SPANISH Summer Course in San Sebastian, Aug. 1-13. The Hispanic Council, 2, Belgrave Square, S.W.1. SLO. 7186.

BRAZIERS Summer School 1955: "Giving Shape to the Unknown," Aug. 19-Sep. 2. Details from Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

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